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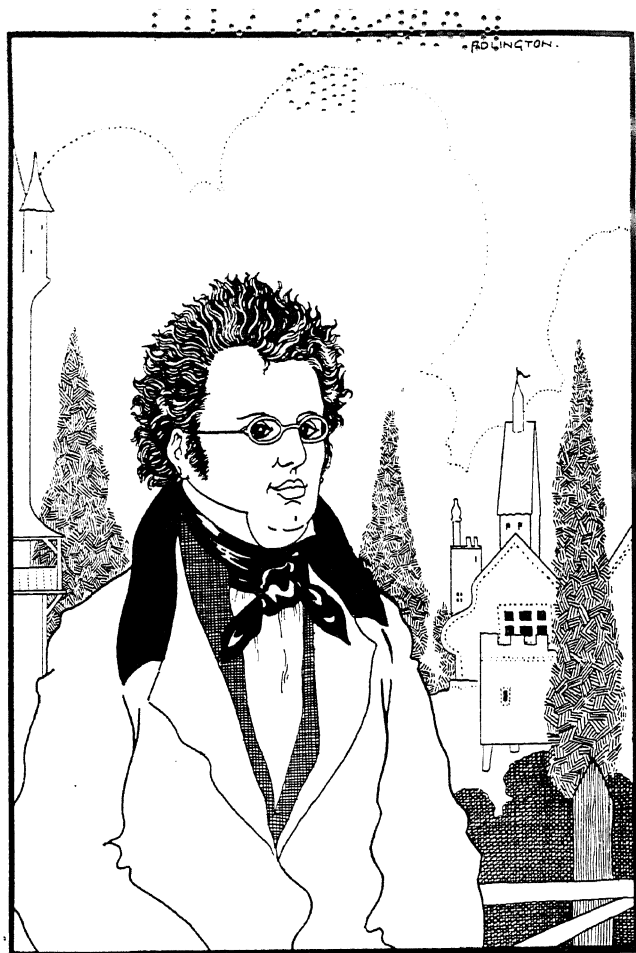
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Loving Infidelity

FRANZ SCHUBERT

1797 - 1828

BY
H. F. FROST

FOREWORD BY
FRANCESCO BERGER
HON. R.A.M., F.G.S.M.



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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

TAKE the light away from the skies, take the flowers off our earth, take the waves from the sea, and take Music out of our lives, and what is left? A darkened world, a barren earth, a waste of stagnant water, saddened days and joyless nights.

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SCHUBERT

THE nightingale sings whether she has an audience or not—for, as the Italian proverb says: "If she sings not for love, she sings for rage." And poor Schubert sang himself to early death, mostly to unheeding ears, and often with unappeased hunger. Inscrutable Fate had decreed that he should know neither honour, nor love, nor wealth. She decided to withhold these, because she had so richly endowed him with other gifts.

Schubert only lived thirty-one years, and in proportion to that short span of life produced more music than any other composer, before or since. Bach, Haydn and Mozart were prolific, but their productivity is meagre by the side of his. In one single year (1815) he composed two symphonies, two masses, half-a-dozen dramatic works, a quantity of chamber music, and no less than one hundred and fifty songs! Such a record has no parallel in musical history, nor can any of the sister Arts show an instance of equal fertility.

His exhaustless flow of melody and the fecundity of his imagination, have, since his death, met with tardy recognition from those millions for whose delight he so heroically strove. The highest and only tribute they can now offer to his genius is to rank him with Mozart. Had he been spared, such distinction would have sufficed to reconcile his gentle soul to all its earthly suffering. Of him one may say with truth: "So angels walk unknown on earth, but when they fly are recognised."

Would that the weary "Wanderer" could have foreseen the posthumous honour in which his name is held to-day,

SCHUBERT

or could have realised how "Earls and Kings" join with the masses in revering his memory.

His life remains an "unfinished Symphony," of which our tenderest thoughts are the leading subject, our deepest gratitude is the Adagio, and a silent tear is the Finale.

F. B.

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SCHUBERT.

- THERE are circumstances in the personal career of Franz Schubert, and in the history of his principal works which render his position among his fellow-workers in music, and indeed in art generally, peculiar, if not unique. He lived not for himself, nor for those of his own time. This may be said of many men of genius, who, misjudged and misunderstood by their own generation, have afterwards come to be accounted among the world's great ones. But Schubert suffered less from opposition, prejudice, and envy, than from simple lack of recognition. If we consider his life in the abstract, it is that of an obscure individual who gained a scanty livelihood first as a school teacher and afterwards as a musician, who occupied his spare time with compositions of all kinds which publishers looked upon with indifference, grudgingly accepting a few towards the close of their author's life. There is nothing here distinguishable from the experience of numberless humble workers in the art of music, who pursue their useful but insignificant course,

and vanish from sight and memory at one and the same time. Not for Schubert the varied experience among noble and princely patrons of music, which Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven enjoyed and suffered. Not for him the sunny existence of Mendelssohn, or the immediate popularity of Weber. Life for him was commonplace, dreary, and even sordid; and yet, if we dwell but for an instant on the romantic and poetical in music, the name of Schubert is the first which rises to our lips. The mighty power of genius, defiant of circumstance and surrounding, was surely never better illustrated than in the master whose place and mission in the world are to form the subject of this volume.

The Schuberts were natives of Zukmantel, in Austrian Silesia. Franz Schubert the father of the composer held an appointment as the parish schoolmaster of Lichtenthal, and became fairly prosperous in his vocation. He first married Elizabeth Fitz, a cook, by whom he had fourteen children, of whom, fortunately, only five survived. These were named Ignaz, Ferdinand, Carl, Franz, and Therese. His wife died in 1812, and next year Franz the elder married Anna Klayenböck, the daughter of a mechanic, five more children being the result. Franz Peter Schubert was born on January 31st, 1797, at Himmelfortgrund No. 72, Lichtenthal, Vienna. The elements of music are included in the curriculum of a German schoolmaster, and consequently little Franz found no hindrance in attaining the principles of the art towards which he manifested at the earliest age a remarkable

predilection. At first he was his own teacher, and when old enough to receive regular instruction it was found that he had already mastered much of the groundwork of music. At eight his father commenced to teach him the violin, and he could soon take his part in easy duets. He was then sent for singing lessons to Michael Holzer, the parish choirmaster, whose testimony in his favour is honest and unqualified. "Whenever I wished to teach him anything new," he said, "I found that he had already mastered it. Consequently I cannot be said to have given him any lessons at all; I merely amused myself, and regarded him with dumb astonishment." His elder brother, Ignaz, taught him the pianoforte; but after a few months Franz observed that he did not require any more lessons, but would make his own way.

The evidence is therefore tolerably conclusive that Schubert showed extraordinary precocity in music, and if we do not read of any displays of his ability similar to those which gained for Mozart and Mendelssohn the wonder and admiration of persons outside the family circle, it is because circumstances were not favourable to such manifestations.

Being possessed of a fine voice as a boy, he was received, early in 1808, into the parish church choir; and in October of the same year his father presented him as a candidate for admission to the Imperial Chapel, a position which included the right to education in the "Stadtconvict." It appears that his garb on this occasion was so abnormal, both in shape and colour, that the other competitors jokingly called him the "miller's

son." But their laughter ceased when he began to sing, and the conductors, Salieri and Eybler, quickly recognising his ability, gave him the preference. He was now temporarily provided for, and his position was favourable to his advancement as a musician. In the school orchestra his ability soon brought him to the front, and he was made leader of the juvenile instrumental force. Here he became acquainted with the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, together with those of other composers then popular, but now forgotten. His greatest sympathies were shown towards those works which may be termed poetical and imaginative; thus he gloried in the *G Minor Symphony* of Mozart, which he declared was like the songs of angels, while his enthusiasm for Beethoven, then regarded by many as a mere dreamer, knew no bounds.

We have ample proof of the comparative poverty of the Schubert family at this time by the shortness of pocket-money of which Franz complains. The following letter, addressed to his brother Ferdinand, illustrates this, and also affords a glimpse of the young musician's character:—

"You know by experience that a fellow would like at times a roll and an apple or two, especially if, after a frugal dinner, he has to wait for a meagre supper for eight hours and a half. The few groschen that I receive from my father are always gone to the devil the first day, and what am I to do afterwards? 'Those who hope will not be confounded,' says the Bible, and I firmly believe it. Suppose, for instance, you send me

a couple of kreutzer a month ; I don't think you would notice the difference in your own purse, and I should live quite content and happy in my cloister. St. Matthew says also that 'whosoever has two coats shall give one to the poor.' In the meantime I trust you will lend your ear to the voice crying to you incessantly to remember your poor brother Franz, who loves and confides in you."

The boyish sense of fun which pervades this letter has a certain significance, for a vein of humour was conspicuous in Schubert's character to the very end. One serious result of his impecuniosity was the impossibility of purchasing music-paper for the compositions which now commenced to flow in rapid succession from his brain ; but this want was supplied by the generosity of one of his older schoolmates, Joseph Spaun, who thus early recognised the genius of his friend. Whether Franz had made any serious attempts at composition prior to his admission to the Stadtconvict cannot be distinctly ascertained ; but in 1810 authentic records of his labours commence. In this year he wrote a piece for pianoforte, at four hands, to which he gave the curious title, *Leichenfantasie* (Corpse Fantasia), probably suggested by a poem of Schiller. The manuscript bears the dates April 8,—May 1, 1810. It extends to thirty-two closely written pages, and consists of a dozen sections, in various styles, each ending in a different key to which it commenced. Some variations for piano, also referable to this year, and played to his father, are stated by Ferdinand to bear the stamp of individuality. In 1811 the list of compositions is

much more extensive. It includes a quintet overture, a quartet, a fantasia for piano, and, of decidedly greater importance, his first songs, *Hagar's Klage* and *Der Vatermörder*. The *Hagar's Klage* is a remarkable piece, of the dimensions of a cantata, and, despite many crudities, is said to contain passages of the true Schubertian type. It at once drew the attention of Salieri to the boy's talent, and he was handed over to a musician named Ruczizka for lessons in harmony. The result was similar to that with Holzer: "He has learned everything," said Ruczizka, "and God has been his teacher." From Salieri, however, Schubert continued to receive instruction for some years, and his relations with this celebrated musician seem to have been generally satisfactory, and even cordial. Antonio Salieri was for many years the most eminent of the Italian musicians resident in Vienna. He was a man of very great ability, but he was wedded to the Italian school, and could neither comprehend nor sympathise with the German musical development, which was now making rapid strides. Hence, although his character was generally amiable, as the lasting attachment of his pupils—among whom were Hummel, Weigl, Moscheles, Meyerbeer—sufficiently indicates, his jealousy of Mozart made him stoop to mean and dishonourable intrigues against that great master; and a report was even circulated that he had poisoned him, the rumour gaining credence from the fact that poor Mozart in his last days suffered from delusions on the subject of poison. When Salieri was dying this horrible accusation troubled him, and he solemnly declared to Moscheles, who was by his bed-

side, his complete innocence of the crime. There is, indeed, not a tittle of evidence against him, but the very suspicion may be considered as a just, if awful, retribution for the unworthy acts towards Mozart in which he had really indulged. It is not surprising that Salieri should have regarded with distrust the predilection of his young pupil, Franz Schubert, for the deep and imaginative utterances of the great German poets as material for the exercise of his musical fancy; and it is equally natural that the boy, who felt the dawning power within him, should have totally disregarded his preceptor's advice to adopt Italian verses for his songs. Still, with all his marvellous intuitiveness, there can be little question that he derived benefit from the counsel and assistance of the old Italian *maestro*, particularly in the study of counterpoint and fugue.

It is time to return to Schubert's experiences while at the Convict. The compositions in 1812 are numerous, as will be seen by the catalogue. The one song, *Klage*, is noteworthy as being the earliest of his compositions which have been published. The instrumental chamber works were played at home on holidays, the quartet being thus arranged:—Ferdinand, first violin; Ignaz, second violin; Franz, viola; and the father, violoncello. Franz possessed much artistic sensitiveness, and his quick ear detected the most trifling blunder. In the instance of one of his brothers he did not scruple to rebuke either by word or look; but if his father played a wrong note or made a false entry he would ignore the mistake once, and if it

occurred again he would say with hesitation, "Father, I fear there is a mistake somewhere."

If a musician were asked to state in which branch of the art Schubert was least successful, he would reply unhesitatingly, "In music for the theatre." But this did not arise from want of sympathy, for he not only frequented the opera as often as circumstances would permit, but manifested the strongest enthusiasm for some of the masterpieces then in vogue. Weigl's *Swiss Family*, Cherubini's *Medée*, Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris*, Nicolos's *Cinderella*, and, above all, Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* attracted him immensely, and as a result he began to feel a passion for dramatic composition. In 1813, his last year at the Convict, he commenced work on Kotzebue's *Des Teufels Lustschloss*, which he completed in the following year. His first *Symphony in D* was composed in honour of the Convict director, Innocenz Lang, and, like his other orchestral works of this period, was performed by the school band. It is framed entirely on the Haydn-Mozart model, and consists of the usual four movements with an introductory *adagio*. The scoring is for the usual orchestra, without trombones and second flute. The work has never been published, and the manuscript, dated October 28th, 1813, is in the possession of Dr. Schneider, in Vienna. On January 31st, 1880, the anniversary of Schubert's birthday, the first movement was performed at the Crystal Palace. It proved to be a scholarly composition in the Mozart style, but showing traces also of the influence of Beethoven. Of individuality there is little or none, and the evidence of this and other early works proves that

Schubert's real genius began to manifest itself sooner in vocal than in instrumental composition, for some of his songs written at this time are in the highest degree expressive and original. The piano minuets, composed for his brother Ignaz, elicited the remark from Dr. Anton Schmidt, an excellent musician, that "If these works are written by a mere child, there's the stuff in him to make a master such as few have been." Unfortunately these little pieces were not treasured as they should have been, and the manuscripts became irretrievably lost. The octet is marked in the catalogue of his compositions, kept by Ferdinand, *Franz Schubert's Leichenfeier*, possibly with reference to his mother's death, which took place a few months previously. It will be impossible within the limits of the present volume to comment on even a small proportion of Schubert's songs, which he poured forth with such wonderful rapidity. His style in this branch was already becoming matured, and his passion for the poetry of his native land is evinced by his choice of authors. Those he selected this year were Schiller, Goethe, Matthison, Herder, Hölz, and Theodor Körner. One Italian *aria* must also be mentioned, probably composed at the instigation of Salieri.

Schubert was now in his seventeenth year, and his treble voice breaking, he had to leave the Imperial Chapel. His devotion to music had proved detrimental to his other studies. During his first year at school he passed his examinations creditably, but this satisfactory state of things did not last, and he afterwards only gained commendations for his musical progress. He

does not seem to have felt much anxiety on this score, for he even declined to avail himself of the privilege of remaining at the Convict for the study of the higher branches of learning after his duties at the Chapel had ceased. Music was the essence of his being, and, considering the vast quantity of works of all kinds which he penned during the brief period of eighteen years, it would have been surprising had he found time to pursue any other study to serious purpose. And it would be extremely idle and illogical to regret his concentration of energy on this one object. The world would be a loser had Schubert devoted the time occupied in noting down his beautiful thoughts to perfecting himself in foreign languages or mathematics. He had a mission to accomplish, and the time allotted him was brief. Let us then be grateful that he fulfilled the task set before him so worthily and well.

One other point remains for consideration before we pass on to the next period in Schubert's life. It has been stated numberless times that he suffered from the lack of opportunity of hearing his music performed, and whatever diffuseness, want of symmetry, or other defects may be discovered in his utterances are set down to this cause. In his later years this was undoubtedly the case, but during his residence at the Convict, circumstances could scarcely have been more favourable to his progress as a practical musician. Both at school and at home his songs and instrumental works were constantly performed, and the experience thus gained must have been of considerable value. Later on, his theoretical studies under Salieri, whose attachment

to rules and forms bordered on pedantry, cannot have been without effect in conveying mental discipline, the impression of which was in all probability lasting.

Schubert left the Convict at the close of October, 1813, his residence there having lasted exactly five years. He was now cast adrift on the world, with the absolute necessity of earning his bread by the labour of his own hands or brain staring him in the face; for the pecuniary circumstances of his father forbade the possibility of his devoting himself exclusively to music until such time as his talents should receive that recognition from publishers and the public which would place him in a position of honourable independence. His only immediate chance was to assist in his father's school, and he accordingly prepared himself for this drudgery by studying for a term at the school of St. Anna. For three years he settled down to an existence of unspeakable dreariness, teaching the children of the poorer classes of Vienna the alphabet and the rudiments of arithmetic. How heartily he must have detested such an occupation can well be imagined, but he performed his duties with unfailing regularity and conscientiousness. Only when he had to encounter an unusually stupid or obstinate child did his patience give way, and on such occasions he would administer personal chastisement with an unsparing hand. If genius did not rise superior to all outward circumstances and conditions of life we might feel surprised that the spirit of Schubert was not crushed by associations so degrading and wearisome; but in point of fact these years were not only among the most

prolific of his life, but during them he wrote some of those works which have made his name immortal. The scanty evidence bearing on his personal character which remains to us goes to prove that Schubert was naturally of a cheerful, not to say jovial, disposition, and keenly alive to the charms of society. After his lessons with Salieri he would adjourn to a wine-shop hard by, and spend hours in lively conversation with a boon companion. His capacity for forming friendships of the most romantic nature with genial spirits of his own sex is as remarkable as is the meagre and commonplace nature of his experiences with the more attractive portion of humanity. One attachment of the former kind was formed in 1814, with the gifted but unhappy German poet Johann Mayrhofer. In disposition this cynical, hypochondriacal man, with his contempt and hatred of the world, and his inability to enjoy the pleasures of life because of his ceaseless contemplation of its pains, would seem to have but little affinity with the gentle, easy-going, and shall we say—music apart—superficial, Schubert. But a mysterious bond of union may exist between two natures widely diverse in temperament, and it is certain that Mayrhofer and Schubert understood and sympathised with one another. Their acquaintanceship was brought about by a mutual friend, who gave Schubert Mayrhofer's poem *To the Sea* to set to music. The musician then called upon the poet at his room, Wipplingerstrasse, No. 420, which they were afterwards destined to occupy in common for two years.

Another important intimacy commenced in this year was that with Heinrich Grob and his sister Therese.

The former was a skilful executant on the piano and violoncello, and the latter had a beautiful voice, her singing being greatly admired by Schubert. To their house he would frequently repair with his newest compositions, which they would rehearse with avidity, greatly to the pleasure and advantage of the composer.

In the midst of his scholastic duties, and this social intercourse in which he delighted, composition went on apace, the catalogue of his works in 1814 being sufficient for a decade of an ordinary composer's life. First in order must be named the opera *Des Teufels Lustschloss*, which it will be remembered was commenced in the preceding year. The plot of this work is even more outrageous than that of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, without the hidden significance and symbolism contained in Schikaneder's story. It deals with enchanted castles, monsters, deeds of daring, and all the paraphernalia of the fairy romancist. As a subject for an extravaganza it would pass well enough, but for a serious opera it is utterly ridiculous. Still Schubert's choice of such a theme indicates that innate love for the romantic and the mystical which is so conspicuous a feature in his art-work. No thought of public performance probably weighed with him in setting Kotzebue's preposterous story; it offered him an opportunity of escape from the conventionalities of ordinary life, and he went to work with ardour, and with no other idea than that of exercising his ever-brimming fancy. Of the music it is not possible to speak particularly, as it has not been published, nor indeed performed, except the overture. This is a bright and cleverly-written piece, with

an episode curiously resembling the passage with muted violins in Weber's *Euryanthe*. It is impossible that Weber can have been familiar with *Des Teufels Lustschloss*, and the likeness must therefore be purely accidental, though it is curious, especially as each episode has reference to a supernatural event in the plot.

It is asserted that Schubert wrote two versions of this opera, or rather play with incidental music—the one immediately succeeding the other. The revised score was shown to Salieri, who was delighted with the work ; but this is rather doubtful evidence in its favour, as it is well-nigh certain that if the music had been characterised by dramatic intensity of expression the old Italian would have condemned it as crude and unintelligible. The fate of *Des Teufels Lustschloss* was unhappy. The composer eventually parted with the score to Herr Josef Hüttenbrenner in payment of a trifling debt, and in 1848 some miserable domestic lit the fire with the second act. The first and third acts remain, but until the issue of a complete edition of Schubert's works—an event to which musicians must look forward with eagerness—they are not likely to see the light.

Another and far nobler work composed in this year must now be spoken of. This is the *Mass in F*, the first, and with one exception the finest, he ever penned. It also has a special significance as having been the first composition intended for a *quasi* public occasion, the centenary festival of the parish church of Lichtenthal. The composer conducted the performance in person, and Therese Grob sang the soprano part. It was after-

wards repeated in the Church of St. Augustine, and old Schubert, to mark his sense of his son's ability and progress, presented him with a five-octave piano. Salieri's appreciation of the work was great and genuine. After the first performance he embraced Schubert saying, "Franz, you are my pupil, and will do me great honour." The composition of the mass lasted from May 17th to July 22nd, according to the dates on the manuscript score in the possession of Dr. Schneider. It remained unpublished until 1856. The chief characteristics of the music are nobility, melodic beauty, and a true church-like style which, strangely enough, is wanting in some of the subsequent masses. The melody is as refined as that of Mozart, but the manner is totally diverse, and the most superficial listener could scarcely fail to detect the difference even if the work were performed with but pianoforte accompaniment, while the orchestration has the true and unmistakable Schubertian stamp. It would be a congenial task to analyse the music number by number; but it must be sufficient as an indication of the young musician's power to cite the fugue "Cum Sancto Spiritu," based on a bold subject and worked up to a climax of surpassing grandeur. Here at any rate the influence of Salieri's teaching is observable, and it is easy to comprehend the delight which he manifested at witnessing his pupil's mastery over the rules of scientific composition.

The three quartets are in the Haydn-Mozart style, with just a trace here and there of Schubert's individuality.

The year 1815 brought no change in the placid and monotonous life of Schubert at this period, and it might

be passed over altogether as being entirely uneventful, but for the all-important fact that it was the most prolific of all in the matter of composition. Amazing as his rate of production was in previous years, all former efforts were eclipsed in 1815. Half-a-dozen dramatic works, two masses, two symphonies, a quantity of music for church and chamber, and nearly one hundred and fifty songs, form the stupendous catalogue of works conceived and finished within the space of twelve months. In the whole history of music we can find no parallel to this inexhaustible fertility, and even if the entire mass had no art value, the mere labour expended in transferring the ideas from the brain of the composer to the paper on which they were written, would testify to his industry. It is certain that it was absolutely no trouble for Schubert to compose. The subject chosen, the ideas came naturally and superabundantly without any expenditure of thought or energy. Unlike Mozart, he did not carefully perfect his works in his mind before writing them down; unlike Beethoven, he did not note his ideas in sketch-books, and build up his music, so to speak, by a slow and careful process of selection, compression, and elaboration. Handel, Bach, and Haydn wrote with extreme rapidity, but not one of them exhibited fecundity similar to that of Schubert at the age of eighteen. Herr Spina has the MS. of seven songs, all composed on October 15th, 1815; and on the 19th four more were written.

Of the works in dramatic form the first in order is *Der Vierjährige Posten*, an operetta in one act, written

by Körner. The subject is lively and humorous, and quite suitable for light musical treatment. The music consists of a somewhat lengthy overture and eight numbers. A bright soldiers' chorus was given with applause by the Vienna *Singverein* in 1860, but the work has never been performed on the stage. The next is *Fernando*, a melodramatic piece by Albert Stadler, a contemporary of Schubert at the Convict. The musician being possessed of a mania for operas just at this time, Stadler offered to compose a libretto, and did so, giving, as he said, a chief part "to thunder and lightning, grief and tears, as the favourite subjects of enthusiastic youth." Schubert brought the completed score to Stadler in six days. They examined it together and then dismissed the subject from their minds. It is needless to add that it has never been represented on the stage. *Claudine von Villabella* by Goethe, is a more ambitious opera in three acts. The score came into the possession of Herr Hüttenbrenner, and the second and third acts shared the fate of the second act of *Des Teufels Lustschloss*; that is, the servants tore them up to light the fires during their master's absence in 1848. A complete copy of the work perished in the same way. The music of the fragment yet remaining is said by Kreissle von Hellborn to be lacking in power, though characteristic and charming. The dramatic opportunities occur chiefly in the acts which are lost. *Die Beiden Freunde von Salamanka* is the title of the next work which was written for Schubert by his friend Mayrhofer. This opera is on an extended scale, the score of the first act consisting of 320 pages. The libretto was not

printed among Mayrhofer's poems, and it has been lost. The music, consisting of an overture and eighteen numbers, is said to contain but little of Schubert's individuality. Besides these works there is evidence to show that he set Kotzebue's *Der Minnesinger* and *Der Spiegelritter*, and Mayrhofer's *Adrast*, but only fragments of the music remain. The net value of his writings for the stage in 1815 must be considered very small, though there are doubtless many songs and concerted pieces in these works which would be effective in the concert-room.

Of greater interest are the two Symphonies in B flat and D. These are both in the customary four movements, and perfect as regards form. The scores are in the possession of Dr. Schneider, and neither work has ever been performed in Germany; but that in B flat was given at the Crystal Palace on October 20th, 1877, and proved to be a bright and charming composition, showing the influence of Haydn rather than that of Mozart.

Of the two Masses in G and B flat, the first bears date March, and the second November. The Mass in G was composed by Schubert for the Lichenthal parish choir, especially for the pupils of his old master Holzer. In style it resembles the one in F, but is on a smaller scale and less varied. Curiously enough the Mass in B flat, which is distinctly inferior as church music to the earlier works, has hitherto enjoyed greater popularity, perhaps because of its resemblance to the well-known masses of Haydn and Mozart.

But the most remarkable feature of Schubert's

activity this year is in the domain of song-writing. So far as can be ascertained, no less than 138 Lieder and Ballads were indited, and of these 83 have been published. The number of these compositions is no less marvellous than their infinite variety. The source of inspiration seemed a matter of comparative indifference to him. He gathered his materials from all quarters, showing a preference, however, for lines in which longing or passionate yearning for some ideal were portrayed; and the appropriate musical expression came at once and as a matter of course. It is needless to say that all his songs written at a particular period are not of equal value. Side by side with some of the greatest beauty are others trifling and almost commonplace. But this much may be said with justice, that when he had to set poetry of real power and significance, he rarely, if ever, failed to render justice to his theme. Perhaps the greatest charm in Schubert's songs is that they are perfectly lyrical, though intensely expressive. To say that many of them are dramatic is to misuse that term. In order to realise this, it is only necessary to imagine some of his most picturesque effusions, such as "Die junge Nonne," "Gretchen am Spinnrade," or "Der Wanderer," transferred to the stage. In this new atmosphere they would lose all their meaning, all their subtle power to charm.

The unpublished compositions include "Amphiaros," by Körner, said to be a most effective declamatory song, and two ballads by a poet named Bertrand—"Minona," and "Emma von Adelwald." The latter is the most lengthy piece, for a single voice, Schubert ever wrote.

The manuscript extends to fifty-five pages, and the music is fragmentary, some of the passages being very fine. Of a similar character is a setting of Hölz's "Die Nonne." Herr Spina has possession of all these compositions, and they might with advantage be transferred to the list of published works.

1816 brought some slight relief from the daily round of drudgery to which Schubert had been subjected for three years. Circumstances also enable us to obtain a glimpse of the personal character, habits, and manner of thinking, of the young artist. The best means of gaining an insight to the special idiosyncracies of a celebrated man are afforded by the study of his diaries and private correspondence. Unhappily, the biographer of Schubert is unable to give the reader this privilege of intimate communion with his hero, except to a very limited extent. Whether Schubert was averse to letter-writing there is no evidence one way or the other to show, but very little of his correspondence remains; and one great charm which we find in the study of the lives of Mozart and Mendelssohn, and to a less extent of Beethoven and Weber, is therefore denied us in the present instance. Such remnants of his diaries as are still available do not compensate for this loss. It appears that he kept daily memoranda of his thoughts and experiences in 1816, but owing to that wanton carelessness with which Schubert's precious manuscripts seem to have been generally treated, only a small portion of these remain. Aloys Fuchs, in his *Schubertiana*, tells the story thus:—

"Some years ago I found accidentally at an autograph

dealer's in Vienna the fragment of one of Schubert's diaries in his own handwriting, but several of the pages were wanting. On my asking the reason of this, the wretched owner of the relic replied that he had for a long space of time been in the habit of distributing single pages of this manuscript to hunters of Schubert relics or autograph collectors. Having expressed my indignation at this vandalism, I took care to save what was left."

The leaves refer to four days only, and run as follows:—

"*June 13th, 1816.*—This day will haunt me for the rest of my life as a bright, clear, and lovely one. Gently, and as from a distance, the magic tones of Mozart's music sound in my ears. With what alternate force and tenderness, with what masterly power, did Schlesinger's playing of that music impress it deep, deep in my heart.¹ Thus do these sweet impressions, passing into our souls, work beneficently on our inmost being, and no time, no change of circumstances, can obliterate them. In the darkness of this life they show a light, a clear, beautiful distance, from which we gather confidence and hope. O, Mozart! immortal Mozart! how many and what countless images of a brighter, better world hast thou stamped on our souls! This quintet may be called one of the greatest amongst his smaller works. I, too, was moved on this occasion to introduce myself. I played variations by Beethoven, sang Goethe's 'Rastlose Liebe' and Schiller's 'Amalia.' The first met with universal, the second with qualified applause. Although I myself think my 'Rastlose Liebe'

¹ Schlesinger was an excellent violin player.

more successful than 'Amalia,' yet I cannot deny that to Goethe's musical genius must be attributed, in a large measure, the applause which greeted the song. I also made the acquaintance of Madlle. Jenny, a pianoforte-player with extraordinary powers of execution, but I think her wanting in true and pure expression.

"June 14th, 1816.—After the lapse of a few months I took once more an evening walk. There can hardly be anything more delightful than of an evening, after a hot summer's day, to stroll about on the green grass. The meadows between Währing and Döbling seem to have been created for this very purpose. I felt so peaceful and happy as my brother Carl and I walked together in the struggling twilight. 'How lovely!' I thought and exclaimed, and then stood still, enchanted. The neighbourhood of the churchyard reminded us of our excellent mother.

"June 15th, 1816.—It usually happens that we form exaggerated notions of what we expect to see. At least I found it so when I saw the exhibition of pictures by native artists, held at Saint Anna. The work I liked best in the whole exhibition was a *Madonna and Child*, by Abel. I was much disappointed by the velvet mantle of a prince. I am convinced that one must see things of this sort much more frequently, and give them a longer trial, if one hopes to find and retain the proper expression and impression intended to be conveyed.

"June 16th, 1816.—It must be pleasant and invigorating to see all one's pupils collected around him, every one striving to do his best in honour of his master's

jubilee fête ; to hear in all their compositions, a simple, natural expression free from all that *bizarrierie* which, with the majority of the composers of our time, is the prevailing element, and for which we are almost mainly indebted to one of our greatest German artists ; free, I say, from that *bizarrierie* which links the tragic with the comic, the agreeable with the odious, the heroic with whining, the most sacred subjects with buffoonery—all this without discrimination ; so that men become mad and frantic instead of being dissolved in tears, and tickled to idiotic laughter rather than elevated towards God. . . .

“ Man is like a ball between chance and passion. I have often heard it said by writers, ‘ The world is like a stage, where every man plays his part. ’ Praise and blame follow in the other world. Still every man has one part assigned to him—we have had our part given us—and who can say if he has played it well or ill? . . .

“ Natural disposition and education determine the bent of man’s heart and understanding. The heart is ruler ; the mind should be. Take men as they are, not as they ought to be. Happy is he who finds a true friend. Happier still is he who finds in his own wife a true friend. To the free man at this time marriage is a fearful thought ; he confounds it either with melancholy or low sensuality. Monarchs of our day, you see this and keep silence ! Or do ye not see it ? Then, O God, throw a veil over our senses, and steep our feelings in Lethe ! Yet once I pray draw back the veil ! Man bears misfortune uncomplainingly ; and for that very

reason feels it all the more acutely. For what purpose did God create in us these keen sympathies? Light mind, light heart: a mind that is too light generally harbours a heart that is too heavy. Town politeness is a powerful hindrance to men's integrity in dealing with one another. The greatest misery of the wise man and the greatest happiness of the fool is based on conventionalism. . . . Now I know nothing more! To-morrow I am sure to know something fresh! Whence comes this? Is my understanding to-day duller than it will be to-morrow? Because I am full and sleepy? Why does not my mind think when my body sleeps? I suppose it goes for a walk. Certainly, it can't sleep!"

It must be confessed that there is very little here superior to the standard of literary composition averaged by young ladies fresh from school. The sudden subsidence into prose after the rhapsody on Mozart has an almost comical effect; and it is difficult to resist the idea that the disjointed philosophy of the latter portion was noted down after one of those potations in which Schubert was wont to indulge when the day's work was finished. That he felt deeply on the subject of music is certain; for the rest, he had no opportunity of mental cultivation except from his reading of the poets.

In regard to composition this year, the place of honour is due to those two songs which first made Schubert's name famous throughout the civilised world—"Der Erlkönig" and "Der Wanderer." There are two versions of the first-named—one in the Royal Library, Berlin, and the other in the possession

of Madame Schumann; the latter is identical with the song as we know it. His friend Josef Spaun happened to call one afternoon and found him in intense excitement, working on Goethe's lines. The same evening the composer took the finished song to the Convict and tried it over with his friends, who failed to appreciate the discord at the passage, "Mein vater, jetzt fasst er mich an." But the "Erl King" made its way in private, and five years later served to introduce Schubert to the notice of the outside world. The total number of songs, part-songs, and other small vocal pieces written this year is about a hundred and twenty, of which sixty are published. On June 16th Salieri completed his fiftieth year of service to the Emperor of Austria, and at a friendly gathering of his pupils a cantata by Schubert, among other compositions, was performed. It was emphatically a *pièce d'occasion*, and remains unpublished. Of far greater value was the cantata "Prometheus," written for the birthday of Professor Watteroth. This was the first commission ever given to Schubert, and he received 100 florins for his labours. The performance made a deep impression, and the work was repeated several times in his later years; but about the time of his death the score disappeared and has never been recovered. A third cantata was composed in honour of Josef Spendou, Inspector of Schools, and afterwards published as Op. 128.

Among the compositions for Church are the rather superficial Mass in C, a grand Magnificat in C, of which Herr Spina has the manuscript, and a second *Stabat Mater* in F minor, said to be a very fine work.

The only dramatic essay this year was an opera entitled *Die Bürgschaft* of which only two acts were finished. The author of the libretto is unknown, and the words are frequently beneath criticism. No portion of the music has ever been performed in public.

The list of instrumental music is important, including, as it does, two Symphonies—the melodious and agreeable No. 4 in B flat (without trumpets or drums), and the beautiful “Tragic” in C minor. These works are only published as piano duets, but they have both been heard at the Crystal Palace in their proper form, and the latter especially is warmly admired by Schubert-lovers.

The quartet parties held hitherto in Schubert’s house had by this time increased in numbers, and were transferred first to Herr Franz Frischling’s, and afterwards to the house of Herr Otto Hatwig. Orchestral music was gradually introduced, and it was for these assemblies that Schubert wrote the two symphonies just mentioned, as well as other works for orchestra and chamber. He had to accommodate himself to the varying means at disposal, and this accounts for the absence of clarinets, trumpets, and drums in the Symphony in B flat.

In April of this year Schubert made an application for the post of Music-master at the Normal School Institute, Laibach. The salary offered was 500 florins. He gained testimonials from Spendou and Salieri, but the latter, who had to examine the candidates for the office, recommended a certain Jacob Schaufl as the most suitable person for the duties. Thus foiled, he had to resume his drudgery ; but another opportunity for

freedom soon presented itself. Franz von Schober, a student at the Vienna University, became acquainted with some of his songs, and being struck with their beauty and originality sought out the composer, and was the more amazed when he discovered the conditions under which the young musician produced such noble creations. He thereupon gained the consent of his own mother and of Schubert's father for the composer to live with him so that he might pursue his art without let or hindrance. According to one story, however, Schubert was dismissed from the school for having administered too severe personal chastisement to one of the pupils. The truth of this cannot be distinctly ascertained, but it is certain that he left his father's house for that of Schober, though the precise date when this occurred is doubtful.

This new intimacy was destined to exercise considerable influence on Schubert's career, and of all his friends and patrons Franz von Schober stands foremost for the countenance and support lent to him until the day of his death.

If Schubert was unfortunate in his relations with the world in general, and with music publishers in particular, he was happy in his private friendships. About this time he made the acquaintance of Johann Michael Vogl, the most celebrated baritone singer of his time, and a man greatly superior to the majority of this class by natural intellectual gifts, early and severe mental training, and a capacity for comprehending the world around him in all its varied phases. The introduction was brought about by Schober, whose constant

laudation of Schubert at length overcame the reluctance, generally felt by vocalists, to have any dealings with a new and untried composer. At the first meeting Schubert's awkward and bashful manner did not improve matters, and Vogl's remarks, after examining some of his songs, were patronising rather than encouraging. But his impression of their value was genuine, and as it rapidly increased with further acquaintance, he began to sing them both in public and in private. This was the opportunity which Schubert needed, but thanks to his own backwardness and publishers' shortsightedness, several years were yet to elapse before it began to bear fruit.

In the summer of this year he made the acquaintance of Josef Hüttenbrenner, whose name has already been mentioned in these pages. The unfortunate destruction of certain of Schubert's scores in his possession must not be taken as proof of his want of appreciation of the composer's genius. On the contrary, he was an ardent admirer of the gifted musician, and expressed his opinion so strongly, in season and out of season, that Schubert, who was altogether insensible to flattery, treated him with rudeness, exclaiming on one occasion, "Why, that man likes everything I do." But Hüttenbrenner's praise was not lightly given nor valueless, for he was himself a cultured musician, and rendered Schubert considerable assistance in arranging his orchestral works for the piano, in his communications with foreign publishers, and in other labours of a kind most distasteful to the composer. What was the exact position of Schubert during a great portion of 1817, appears

to be a matter of some doubt; but as regards productiveness, his release from the duties of teaching the spelling-book does not seem to have had the effect intended by Schober, for there is a considerable falling off in the bulk of his writings this year. The deficiency in mere extent and number, however, is amply atoned for, even if we reject the statement that the fine pianoforte sonatas in D, Op. 53, in A, Op. 120, in E flat, Op. 122, in A minor, Op. 143, and in B, Op. 147, were all created at this time. This is so according to Reissmann, but Nottebohm in his *Thematische Verzeichniss* names 1823 as the probable year of the A Minor Sonata, and 1825 as that of the works in D and A.¹ Internal evidence goes far to prove that the latter authority is nearer the truth; but the Sonatas in E flat, B, and A minor, Op. 164, are works of great beauty, and they are supplemented by the Trio for Strings in B flat, and the two Sonatas for Violin and Piano, Op. 137, Nos. 1 and 2. The Trio is still unpublished, but a copy was brought to this country by Mr. George Grove in 1867, and it was performed on February 15th, 1869, at the Monday Popular Concerts. It is a pleasing but scarcely a great work. Orchestral music is solely represented by the two "Overtures in the Italian style" in C and D. These overtures afford yet another instance of the strange insensibility of one musical genius towards the art-work of another. Handel on Gluck, Weber and Spohr on Beethoven, Weber on Schubert, Schumann on Meyerbeer, and many living musicians on Wagner,

¹ Kreissle speaks of Sonatas in A flat and F; according to Nottebohm these are fragments,

furnish examples of a lack of appreciation where sympathy and admiration might most naturally be expected. Schubert, with all his nonchalance and lightheartedness, probably felt some vague jealousy towards Rossini, whose works were then enjoying high favour in Vienna. One evening after hearing *Tancredi*, some of his friends waxed loud in praise of Rossini's overtures, and Schubert contemptuously remarked that it was the easiest thing in the world to write music in that style. By way of proof, he produced at once the Overture in D, and a few months later the one in C. Now it may be admitted that the last-named work reflects some of the mannerisms of Italian music, but that it may range with the best examples of the school of the sunny south, as perfected by Rossini, cannot be allowed for an instant.

Some time in the course of 1817 Schubert ceased to receive instruction from Salieri. It says much for the personal qualities of the Italian master, that he was able to retain as his pupil for so long a period, one so opposed in temperament and manner of thinking as the composer of the "Erl King." The final separation of the two seems to have been abrupt and attended with some unpleasantness, but the exact circumstances are unknown.

In the summer of 1818, Schubert received for the first time an offer which, to one who had no settled means of subsistence, was too advantageous to be refused. Count Johann Esterhazy required a music teacher for his family, and applied to him. The remuneration was to be two gulden a lesson, and

Schubert was to reside with the family, in winter at Vienna, and in summer at the country seat, Zelesz. It is easy to imagine that he closed eagerly with this offer, which, apart from the actual labour of teaching, presented a prospect highly pleasing, as well as profitable. The Count's family consisted of himself and wife, their daughters Marie and Caroline, aged respectively thirteen and eleven, and a boy of five years. The entire family was musically disposed, and one of their most frequent visitors was the Baron Carl von Schönstein, the finest amateur singer of his time. This gentleman from being an adherent of the Italian school became an ardent lover of the German Lieder of Schubert, which he sang everywhere, and so greatly assisted in spreading a knowledge of these compositions. That Schubert's position with the Esterhazys was considered a highly favourable one, is manifest from the following extracts of a letter written by his brother Ignaz :—"You lucky mortal," he says, "what a thoroughly enviable lot is yours! You live in a sweet golden freedom; can give full play to your musical genius; scatter your thoughts about just as you please; become petted, praised, idolised, whilst one of our lot, like an old cart-horse, must put up with all the vagaries of noisy boys, submit to heaps of ill-usage, and cringe in all submission to a thankless public. and addle-pated superstitious Brahmins."

The composer had now a direct incentive to exercise his genius, and many of his compositions are directly referable to the Esterhazys. There is no evidence, however, to prove that any of the productions of 1818

were written for his new patrons.¹ Chief among the comparatively small list is the bright and beautiful Symphony in C, No. 6., the score of which is dated "February, 1818." With reference to a favourite Lied, *Die Forelle*, he wrote thus to Josef Hüttenbrenner:—

"DEAREST FRIEND,—I am overjoyed to find that my songs please you. As a proof of my sincere friendship, I send you another which I wrote at midnight for Anselm. But what mischief! Instead of the box of blotting-sand I seize the ink-bottle. I hope over a glass of punch at Vienna, to become better acquainted with you. Vale!

"SCHUBERT."

For some reason which does not appear, the arrangement that he should reside with the Esterhazy family seems to have fallen through, for early in 1819 we find him sharing a gloomy and ill-furnished room in Vienna with the poet Mayrhofer. The manner of life of the two was thoroughly Bohemian. Here are Mayrhofer's words taken from his diary. "Whilst we were together curious things happened. We certainly were both of us peculiar, and there were plenty of opportunities for droll incidents. We used to tease one another in all sorts of ways, and bandied pleasantries and epigrams for our mutual benefit. His free, open-hearted, cheerful manner and my retired nature came into sharp contact, and gave us an opportunity of nicknaming each other appropriately, as though we were playing certain parts

¹ Reissmann gives 1818 as the date of the *Divertissement à la Hongroise* and the *Variations on a French Air*; but this is at variance with Nottébohm, and undoubtedly erroneous.

assigned us. Alas ! it was the only *rôle* I ever played." The method in which this singular pair pursued their art-work was unique in its way. Mayrhofer would sit at his desk and write some stanzas, and then toss them over to Schubert, who would immediately commence to set them without the slightest hesitation. The poet's reference to Schubert's "free, open-hearted, cheerful manner" must be accepted with some reserve. In private he was undoubtedly all that Mayrhofer has stated ; but in his intercourse with those to whom he was introduced in the way of business, and who would have advanced his interests as a musician, his manner was awkward, retiring, and almost clownish.

In the summer of 1819 he accompanied his valued friend and adviser, Vogl, on a short tour in the beautiful region of Upper Austria, visiting Linz, Salzburg, and Steyr, Vogl's birthplace. It is probable that the singer defrayed more than his own share of the expenses on this and subsequent excursions. However Vogl introduced his companion to several musical families at Steyr, and he seems to have passed a very pleasant time. A letter, dated July 15th, to his brother Ferdinand, indicates his state of mind, as does the following, addressed to Mayrhofer from Linz :—

"August 19th.

"MY DEAR MAYRHOFFER,—If the world thrives as well with you as it does with me, you are well and hearty. I am just at present in Linz. I have been with the Spauns, and met Kenner, Kriel, and Forstmayer. There, too, I made acquaintance with Spaun's mother, and

Ottenwald, whose 'Cradle Song,' I set and sang to him. I found plenty of amusement in Steyr. The surrounding country is heavenly, and Linz too is beautiful. We, that is, Vogl and I, shall go very soon to Salzburg. How I long for — ! I recommend to your notice the bearer of this letter, a student of Kremsmünster, of the name of Kahl; he is journeying by way of Vienna to Idria on a visit to his parents. Please let him have my bed during the time he stays with you. I am very anxious that you should treat him as kindly as possible for he is a dear good fellow. Please greet Frau v. S. heartily for me. Have you written anything? I hope so. We kept Vogl's birthday with a cantata, the words by Stadler, the music by me; people were thoroughly pleased. Now, then, farewell until the middle of September.

"Your friend,

"FRANZ SCHUBERT."

"Herr v. Vogl sends his kind regards. Remember me to Spaun."

This epistle is as suggestive of Schubert's contentment as it is of his deficiency in the art of letter-writing.

About this time the Rossini fever was rising rapidly in Vienna, and Franz was frequently at the Italian opera, for his nature was too open and candid to deny altogether the genius of the brilliant composer, though his admiration is expressed in rather qualified terms. In a letter to a friend in Gratz, he says, "A short time since we had Rossini's *Othello*. All that our Radichi executed was admirable. This opera is far better, I mean more characteristic, than *Tancredi*. One cannot refuse to call Rossini a rare genius;

his instrumentation is often original in the highest degree, and so is the voice-writing, and I can find no fault with the music, if I except the usual Italian gallopades, and several reminiscences of *Tancredi*."

It appears that for the first time a song of Schubert's was introduced at a public concert this year. Franz Jäger, a tenor, sang "Schäfer's Klagelied" on two occasions, and it was received with much applause, but the publishers remained as obtuse as ever. In another quarter, too, where he might indeed have looked for sympathy and admiration, he met with coldness and indifference. Urged probably by some well meaning friend, he sent some of his matchless settings of Goethe's songs to the great poet himself, who put them by without notice of any kind. That Goethe was unable to appreciate "Der Erlkönig" is well known, until late in life when he heard the great Schroeder-Devrient sing it, and then he was profoundly impressed, saying, "I once heard this composition in my earlier life, and it did not agree with my views of the subject, but, executed as you execute it, the whole becomes a complete picture." The fact seems to be that Goethe, strange as it may appear, had no feeling for the romantic in music, his favourite song writer being Zelter, who set more than a hundred of his poems as flowing rhythmical ballads.

The most important composition this year was the Quintet for Piano and Strings, Op. 114. The cantata mentioned in his letter from Linz, as written for Vogl's birthday, was published with new words in 1849 under the title of "Der Frühlingsmorgen," Op. 158. It is for

soprano, tenor, and bass, with pianoforte accompaniment. There is an Overture in F for piano, at four hands, "written in November in Herr Josef Hüttenbrenner's room, at the City Hospital; within the space of three hours, and dinner missed in consequence." Kreissle speaks of this as in F minor, but the introduction only is in the minor key.

The year 1820 is one of far greater interest in the matter of composition. Now we find Schubert once more writing for the stage, but not, as heretofore, exclusively for his own will and pleasure. His excellent friend Vogl had for a long time been unremitting in his endeavours to secure recognition for the gifted young musician, and at length succeeded in inducing the management of the Kärnthnerthor Theatre to give Schubert a small commission. This was to set to music a farcical piece entitled "Die Zwillingsbrüder," adapted from the French by Hofmann, the secretary of the theatre. It would seem that he commenced work as early as 1818, at any rate the overture bears the date January 19, 1819; but the composition hung fire, for Schubert had now become more sensitive in his choice of subjects, and "Die Zwillingsbrüder" failed to interest him. Hence the music is on the whole scarcely worthy of him, though agreeable and melodious. The piece was produced on June 14th 1820, and the impression created was favourable, for the chorus "Vergluhet sind die Sterne" was encored, and at the close there was a call for the composer. Vogl appeared in his stead, and expressed his thanks to the audience. The critics damned the work with faint praise, allowing

that the composer had ability, and that his music showed the result of careful study, but that it was old-fashioned and deficient in melody. The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* stated its opinion thus:—"The work is deficient in real melody, and the music suffers from a confused overlaid instrumentation, a painful effort after originality, constant wearisome modulations, and no intervals for repose. The introductory chorus, a quartet, and a bass air, alone entitle us to cling to the hope of a brilliant future for a young man already known to fame from his clever songs, and for this future he has yet to win the necessary self-dependence and solid powers required to form a real composer." The writer of this notice was doubtless unaware that the musician whom he thus lectured so calmly was already the composer of two splendid masses, several charming symphonies, together with piano and chamber works sufficient to ensure a lasting reputation for their author. "Die Zwillingbrüder" was repeated six times, and then laid aside, never to be revived. The score was published in 1872. Schubert however was asked to compose another dramatic piece in three acts, entitled "Die Zauberharfe." The libretto by Hofmann is incredibly stupid, and part of the non-success of the work must be ascribed to this cause. But Schubert himself considered it one of his best works, and if the music generally is equal in merit to the overture—that now known as "Rosamunde"—his opinion is correct. Unfortunately no complete copy of the score is known to exist. Portions of the music are in possession of Spina and Spaun, but the only

published piece is the overture aforesaid. "Die Zauberharfe" was produced on August 19th, and repeated several times; but like "Die Zwillingsbrüder" it soon disappeared, and was never heard of again. The following criticism is from the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*:—"The composer gives glimpses here and there of talent; but there is on the whole a want of technical arrangement, which can only be gained by experience; the numbers generally speaking, are too long and wearisome; the harmonic progressions too harsh; the instrumentation overladen, the choruses vapid and weak. The most successful numbers are the introductory Adagio of the overture, and the romance for the tenor; the expression of these is lovely, the simplicity is noble, and the modulation delicate. An idyllic subject would be admirably adapted to the composer." Some of the remarks here and in the previous extract are similar in tone to those ever adopted by shallow critics towards new composers of genius, from Mozart to Wagner. But when we find other writers complaining that "the musical treatment hindered rather than helped the action, and betrayed the absolute ignorance on the part of the composer of the rules of the melodrama;" and further that "the music for the magic harps was wanting in the necessary power and characteristics which ought always to accompany ethereal spirits," we are constrained to believe that Schubert in this, as in other instances showed but little regard for the exigencies of stage composition; that, in short, he poured forth all the treasures of his fertile imagination without consideration for the

modifications of style and structure absolutely essential in music intended to accompany and illustrate the action of a drama. It was singularly unfortunate that he should be first brought under the notice of the Viennese musical public in that branch of his art in which he was least original and successful.

Meanwhile he had been for some time engaged on a work of far greater interest and importance, and which, like the majority of his masterpieces, was the fruit of his own fancy, and not induced by pressure from without. In 1814 appeared a volume of sacred poems by August Hermann Niemeyer, chancellor of the Halle University. Among these was one on the death and resurrection of Lazarus, and this Schubert commenced to set, the circumstances of the composition, and even its very existence, being entirely unknown to his most intimate friends. For its ultimate discovery we are indebted to Kreissle von Hellborn, who, in collecting materials for his biography, came across the first part of "Lazarus" in Spaun's collection. A portion of the second part was found in the possession of Mr. Alexander Thayer, and some additional pieces in that of Ferdinand Schubert's widow. Still the second part remains incomplete, and of the third not a trace has yet been heard of. This is the more to be regretted as this section of the poem contains the incident of the resurrection, which would have afforded Schubert a magnificent opportunity for the exercise of his genius. The fragment was published by Spina in 1866, and it deserves to take rank among Schubert's noblest choral works. There is no occasion here to dwell in detail on

the music, as it is at the disposal of those who may desire its acquaintance.

Beside these works there is an unfinished opera entitled *Sakontala*, based on a romantic and supernatural Indian subject. Only one number, a celestial chorus, is complete, but the whole of the two acts is sketched out. Josef Hüttenbrenner says that neither Schubert nor his friends liked the libretto, and it was therefore laid aside. The beautiful psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," was written for four sisters named Fröhlich. The composer was not himself a wonderful performer on the pianoforte, though he accompanied his own songs with perfect expression, and fairly mastered the sonatas. But the magnificent Fantasia in C, Op. 15, was too much for him, and one occasion, on attempting it at a private party, he broke down in the finale, and jumping up from his chair, exclaimed, "The devil may play the stuff if he likes."

The year 1821 may be considered the turning-point in Schubert's career. We have seen how a couple of operettas from his pen were produced at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and that after a glimpse of success they were withdrawn permanently from the *repertoire*. It was not in the domain of dramatic music that his genius could hope to find general acceptance. But his enthusiastic and sincere friends worked steadily in his behalf, and at length succeeded in placing his name before the public in the most favourable light, that is, as a writer of songs. Among this select band of art patrons—whose names deserve to be handed down to posterity for having assisted to preserve a great genius from oblivion—was

the Sonnleithner family. Dr. Ignaz von Sonnleithner and his son Leopold were cultured musicians, and their house was the resort of many interested in the art. Performances were held at regular intervals, and Schubert's music found place in the programmes to a constantly increasing extent. At length Leopold von Sonnleithner took "Der Erlkönig" to the publishers, Diabelli and Haslinger, who both refused it on any terms, alleging that the composer was almost unknown, and the accompaniment too difficult! Thus foiled, he secured the assistance of three others, and the song was printed by subscription, Diabelli publishing it on commission. The sale was at once rapid, and enabled Schubert to pay his debts and retain a balance. On March 7th (Ash Wednesday), an important concert was given at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and three of his compositions were included in the programme. Vogl sang "The Erl King," and was rapturously encored. The other pieces were a quartet, "Das Dörfchen," and the "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern." This poem of Goethe had been set, in 1817, as a male voice quartet without accompaniment. A second arrangement for four tenors and four basses, with viola, violoncello, and bass accompaniment was nearly completed in December 1820, and the final version, differing but slightly from this, was the one performed on the occasion referred to. The work is one of Schubert's noblest inspirations, but it is undeniably sombre, and perhaps suggestive of Beethoven in his darker mood. Carefully rehearsed, and sung with great earnestness, it failed utterly to please the audience, and, as Kreissle has it, "the eight

victims on the altar of musical insensibility withdrew in confusion from the scene, looking very much as if they had shivered from the effects of a cold douche suddenly poured over their heads." The enlightened critic of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* says that "The eight-part chorus by Herr Schubert was recognised by the public as a farrago of all sorts of musical modulations and vague departures from ordinary forms—no sense, no order, no meaning. The composer, in such works, resembles a big waggoner who drives a team of eight horses, and turns now to the right, now to the left, getting at one time out of the road, then upsetting, and pursuing this game without once making any honest way."

It will be seen by reference to Nottebohm's *Thematische Verzeichniss* that no less than eighteen songs were published this year, extending from Op. 1 to 7. The arrangements, even down to the dedications were undertaken for the most part by friends, for Schubert had little or no idea of business matters. The devotion shown towards him at all times by a few choice spirits, who, by natural artistic temperament or intuitive perception of his wondrous qualities, were drawn, as by a spell, into the magic circle created by his genius, was as remarkable as the blindness and indifference exhibited by those whose official position gave them power and influence to forward the interests of a young and gifted musician. That Schubert reciprocated this feeling in his behalf is undoubted; but his light and unsophisticated nature led him to receive more readily the sympathy of young men of his own age and habits than the more staid, but no less sincere, appreciation and efforts

of persons who were enabled by their social footing to labour more effectually, if not more zealously, in his interests. Had he lived to witness and enjoy the fruits of his intellect and imagination from a position of honoured ease and independence, that eminence would not have been attained by his own personal tact and energy; he had as little of courtier-like qualities and worldly-mindedness as Beethoven, although with his intimate companions he was more amenable to the influences of genial fellowship than that towering but misanthropical spirit. One of his most steadfast friends was Franz von Schober, with whom, in the summer of this year he made an excursion to the beautiful village of Ochsenburg on the slopes of the Styrian mountains. This visit resulted in the composition of the opera *Alfonso and Estrella*, of which Schober wrote the libretto. As this work was not finished until the succeeding year we shall defer for the present any remarks upon it.

A brief letter to Spaun written on November 2nd throws some glimmering of light on Schubert's position and feelings at this time.

“DEAR FRIEND—Your letter has pleased me very much, and I trust you will always be happy and comfortable. I must now, however, inform you that my dedications have done their duty, for the Patriarch, at the instance of Vogl, has expended twelve ducats, and Friess twenty—a fact which suits me extremely well. You must also be so kind as to conclude your correspondence with the Patriarch by a suitable acknowledgment made to him and me also. Schober's opera has already got to the

third act, and I should much like you to have been present whilst the opera was in its earliest stage of formation. We count a good deal on the work in question. The Kärnthnerthor and Wiedner Theatres are actually leased to Barbaja, and his lease begins to run next December. Now farewell. Remember me to all friends, particularly your sisters and brothers. Your friend,

“FRANZ SCHUBERT.”

The Patriarch here mentioned was Ladislaus Pyrker, a poet of some standing, whose stanzas “Die Allmacht” and “Das Heimweh” Schubert set to music.

About this period social *réunions*, under the name of *Schubertiaden* were organised by the friends and admirers of the young musician. At these somewhat lively gatherings there were speeches, songs, dances, and conviviality, the music always consisting of Schubert’s own compositions. Here he was in his element, surrounded by congenial and sympathising companions, and utterly careless as to the present and the future—as if, indeed, some inward monitor told him that whatever trials and troubles were in store, his deathless fame was secure. Later on, as we shall see, he suffered from terrible depression and mental torture; but at this period there is nothing to prove that he was otherwise than cheerful and lighthearted—a condition arising as much from his natural buoyancy as from his improved worldly prospects.

Beside the first and second acts of *Alfonso and Estrella*, the record of composition in 1821 is a very small one. The most important item is the sketch of the Seventh Symphony in E, which for some inexplicable reason was

allowed to remain in its incomplete state. This sketch came into the possession of Ferdinand Schubert, who presented it to Mendelssohn in 1845 or 1846. When Mr. George Grove made his memorable pilgrimage to Vienna in 1867 he was induced by the references to this symphony in Kreissle's biography to search for it, in order, as he expresses it, to make up the magic number of nine. We cannot do better than quote Mr. Grove's own words regarding this imperfect but precious relic.

"I was at length rewarded," he says, "by receiving in August last, from Mr. Paul Mendelssohn of Berlin, the brother of the composer, the original MS. sketch which I had so anxiously desired. I had imagined a sketch of the nature of Beethoven's—two or three leaves of paper covered with disjointed memoranda. Judge of my astonishment and delight when on unfolding the parcel I found a whole symphony in forty-four sheets. It is one of the most singular and interesting works in all the musical art. The Introduction and a portion of the Allegro are fully scored and completed, but at the 110th bar (the end of a page) Schubert appears to have grown impatient of this regular proceeding, and from that point to the end of the Symphony he has made merely memoranda. But these memoranda are perfectly orderly and intelligible. Every bar is drawn in through the entire work; the *tempi* and names of the instruments are fully written at the beginning of each movement: the very double bars and flourishes are gravely added at the end of each, and 'Fine' at the conclusion of the whole; and Schubert evidently regarded the work as

completed. And so it practically is, for each subject is given at full length, with a bit of bass, or accompaniment, or figure or fugato passage. There is not one bar from beginning to end that does not contain the part of one or more instruments. So that I am assured by the most competent authority, that it would be quite possible to write in the missing parts, and complete the work as Schubert would have done it.

“Mr. Sullivan has played it through to me on the piano, and I am allowed by him to say that in quality it appears to be inferior to none of its predecessors, and to abound in beauties; which I do, earnestly trusting that some means may before long be found of restoring this lost treasure to the world. I have heard that Mendelssohn had at one time the intention of filling it up, but of this I know nothing certain.”

These words were written more than ten years ago, but the wish expressed by Mr. Grove, and with which all true musicians will cordially agree, has not yet been fulfilled; it is quite likely that Mendelssohn would have filled up the interstices in the Symphony had not death removed him so soon after he had acquired it. Mendelssohn is gone from us, but surely there are still musicians who would approach such a task with reverent pleasure, and in whom we should place implicit confidence. To name but one, and perhaps the fittest of them all, Johannes Brahms might be trusted to carry out the work in a manner calculated to satisfy the most enlightened and exacting Schubert admirers. It should be remembered that here is no question of tampering with the score of a great master, or of

presenting his music in a manner contrary to his expressed intentions. Nor is the case similar to that of the unfinished Violin Concerto of Beethoven recently given to the world, in which Herr Hellmesberger had actually to *compose* in order to bring the movement to a proper conclusion. Here the entire plan and extent of each section of the work are indicated in the clearest manner, so that doubt is impossible ; and as the names of the instruments are given, that *bête noire* of many conscientious musicians—"additional accompaniments"—would not have to be considered. Another symphony by Schubert! and one not the product of his boyhood, valuable only as a curiosity, but conceived in his early maturity, only a few months before that other Unfinished symphony which is now the delight of all who have ears to hear! The idea fills the mind of the musician with longing, which ought to be satisfied. It only remains to give a synopsis of the several movements of this work. They run as follows:—Adagio in E minor, common time 34 bars, leading to Allegro in E major, 374 bars, Andante in A, six-eight time 116 bars; Scherzo in C, three-four time, 136 bars, with trio in A, 70 bars; Finale Allegro giusto in E two-four time, 626 bars.

In the course of 1821 Hérold's opera, *La Clochette*, was produced at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and Schubert was commissioned to write the two additional numbers for the work mentioned in the Catalogue. His name did not appear in connection with the performance, and the pieces were very favourably received, especially the duet.

It will have been noticed that the most uneventful

years in Schubert's life were those in which he applied himself most diligently to composition. Such was 1822, a period which seems to have passed over his head without the occurrence of any incident calculated to effect his position to any important extent. But it gave birth to some of his very finest creations. Meanwhile the publication of his music continued, fourteen songs and part-songs, the First Waltzes, Op. 9, and the "Variations on a French air," Op. 10, seeing the light. The last-named piece is dedicated to Beethoven; and Schindler, in his biography of that great master, relates a very improbable story to the effect that Schubert in company with his publisher Diabelli went in person to present the work to Beethoven, and that his nervousness during the interview was such that he could give no answers to the queries addressed to him; his discomfiture being complete when Beethoven pointed out some trifling error in the harmony. Josef Hüttenbrenner however, states that Beethoven was not at home when Schubert called upon him, and that the two musicians never met, though living in close proximity for seven years. There can be little question that Schubert would have stood a better chance of general recognition but for the absorbing influence of his greater rival. Not that Beethoven was at that time understood by the majority of the musical public; but he was the object of hero worship to the *élite*, and the chances of another and younger man were proportionately lessened. Schubert's own feelings were, and always had been, those of profound respect and adoration; his art instinct enabled him to com-

prehend the mighty genius of the Bonn master, and the thought of measuring himself against such a giant probably never entered his head. On his part, Beethoven is said to have been much pleased with the Variations aforesaid, but he was too much pre-occupied to pay much attention to the modest and retiring Schubert. On his death-bed however, a collection of Schubert's songs was placed in his hands, and he expressed the utmost admiration and astonishment at their exceeding beauty, exclaiming, "Truly Schubert possesses a spark of the divine fire;" and again, "Some day he will make a noise in the world." The prophecy of the dying man has been amply fulfilled.

As Schubert's songs sold rapidly, he would now have been in comfortable pecuniary circumstances but for his utter helplessness in business matters. As before stated, his friends did everything that was possible in his interest, but they could not invariably fight his battles, and on one unfortunate occasion, when no one was at his elbow, he parted with the copyright of a number of compositions for 800 florins. Among these were the "Erl King" and "The Wanderer."

Josef Hüttenbrenner made serious efforts to get *Des Teufels Lustschloss* performed at Vienna, Munich, and Prague, but without success. He also applied to the celebrated publishing firm of Peters at Leipsic, and the head of the house replied in a long letter setting forth the difficulties in the way of accepting a new composer's work, but consenting to receive a consignment of pieces. However, for some reason the

negotiations came to nothing for a while. On the other hand, Schubert was offered about this time the appointment of Court Organist at Vienna, but he refused it, probably because it would have fettered his actions to a limited sphere, and he felt that absolute freedom and independence were essential to him.

It is now time to consider what he had accomplished in the way of composition this year. First, there was the completion of the opera *Alfonso and Estrella*, with the exception of the overture, which was not written until December, 1823. It may be readily imagined that Schober's libretto was not a dramatic masterpiece, and the non-success of the work from first to last must in great part be laid to his charge. The subject is wholly romantic, and reflects the warmth and glowing fancy of ardent youth. But the poem is lyrical rather than dramatic, and although this treatment enabled Schubert the more readily to pour forth his exhaustless stream of melody, it in proportion rendered the work unsuitable for stage representation. It is said that as quickly as Schober wrote his lines, Schubert set them to music, and the librettist expressed his astonishment at this unique display of fancy and productive power. We may share that feeling, though it is impossible to deny that the method adopted by the composer was not likely to end in the production of an effective opera. All sense of dramatic unity and consistency must necessarily have been sacrificed, and instead of an organic whole, the joint efforts of the two friends resulted in a conglomeration of pieces, each one perhaps meritorious and beautiful in itself, but

quite without significance in the general effect. This lack of dramatic power on the part of both poet and musician proved fatal to the chances of *Alfonso and Estrella*, and Schubert did not live to witness a performance of the work. Efforts were made from time to time after his death to arrange for its production, but they were unsuccessful until 1854, when it was brought out at Weimar, with the invaluable co-operation of Franz Liszt. Accounts agree as to the merit of the performance, but not even under such favourable circumstances could the defects alluded to be hidden, and the opera was given but once. The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* thus criticises *Alfonso and Estrella*:—"Unfortunately the poetical, large-hearted composer found himself in company with a thoroughly prosy librettist; for this reason Schubert's opera will have no vitality in it. The meagre way in which the subject is handled, destitute of any kind of interest, offering no exciting situations, no good dramatic effects, must necessarily have a tame depressing effect on the audience, not to mention the lyrical effusions which are immoderately dragged out. These last are the peculiar features of this opera (which one might correctly designate a song opera); the consequence is that Schubert, with his pure vein of melody, must have felt a constant sense of restraint, and cannot get beyond the simplest phrases and forms of his *Lieder*. The inevitable consequence is a kind of suicidal monotony which Schubert could never succeed, even by his wealth of melody, in entirely dispelling. This is all the more lamentable, as the composer at any point of

the story where he could reckon on support, (for instance at the conclusion of the first act, the first interview of Estrella with Alfonso, with its interesting instrumentation; in the conspirators' chorus at the conclusion of the second act, besides the scene in the third act between Estrella and Adolfo; the march of victory, and much besides,) has given convincing proof of his great powers of operatic writing, had the compiler of the book held out to the musician a helping hand." There is here an evident desire to exalt Schubert even at the expense of Schöber. Kreissle speaks in detail of the music, his verdict being essentially the same, namely, that where the librettist has afforded an opportunity for dramatic musical treatment, Schubert has not been slow to take advantage of it. As the score is not available for examination (the original manuscript is in the possession of the Musikfreunde at Vienna), it is impossible to controvert these views; but reasoning by the light of his published operatic works, we think it would be the wisest course to abstain from attempting to prove the universality of Schubert's genius. He did enough, and more than enough, to render his place among the great musicians a matter of certainty for all time, and with this knowledge his most fervent admirers may well rest content. The only portions of *Alfonso and Estrella* which are published are the overture, a cavatina for tenor, "Wenn ich, dich, Holde sehe," and an aria for bass, "Tief im Getümmel der Schlacht."

Next in dimensions, and superior in importance, is the

Mass in A flat. The score of this work bears at the commencement the date November, 1819, and at the conclusion, September, 1822. This unusually long period is not accounted for by any special amount of elaboration in the construction of the work, and an examination of the music tends to prove that the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" were written at the earlier period, and the work then laid aside. It does not seem to have originated with a view to performance at any particular time; at any rate, there is no mention of such a circumstance, either in Schubert's own correspondence, or in that of his friends. In length, the Mass stands next to the great work in E flat, the crowning effort of Schubert in church composition. In musical value, it must be placed third among his Masses; superior, that is, to those in G, B flat, and C, but inferior to the E flat, and also to the one in F—that marvellous creation of youthful genius. It remained in manuscript until 1875, when it was published in full score.

But the most interesting of Schubert's writings this year, and in some respects the most interesting of all his works, is the Unfinished Symphony in B minor. This, unlike the sketch of a Symphony in E already noticed, is complete as regards the first and second movements; there are nine bars of the scherzo fully scored, and here the manuscript stops short without the slightest indication of what was to come next. Whether Schubert made a sketch of this movement before commencing to score is not known, not a trace of anything of the kind having come to light. Perhaps the most curious feature in the case is that he subse-

quently presented the score, unfinished as it was, to the Musikverein at Gratz, by way of acknowledgment for the honour conferred upon him by the Society in electing him one of its members. For a long while the work remained in the possession of Anselm Hüttenbrenner, brother of Josef, from whence it seems to have passed, according to Nottebohm, into the hands of Johann Herbeck, of Vienna. It was performed for the first time at one of the Gesellschaft concerts in this city in 1865, published early in 1867, and introduced into England at a Crystal Palace concert on April 7th in that year. Its subsequent history in this country is too well known to justify the insertion of any further details here, and for the same reason any remarks on its merits would seem like an impertinence. Musicians regard the Unfinished Symphony as Schubert's most individual creation; to the present writer it has always appeared as a parable or representation in sound of the composer's own life; to typify that brief but glorious career abruptly terminated just when its promises were being fulfilled; cut asunder by an inexplicable decree of fate when men had begun to understand its beauty and significance. The passages of pure melodic loveliness generally leading by some startling transition into others of a wild and agitated description, illustrate faithfully enough the gleams of happiness which occasionally shot across Schubert's path, only to be followed by a renewal of darkness and failure. Whether this music conveys a true picture of its composer's mind, consciously or unconsciously, at the time of writing, no one can say. Critics, acting under a natural and pardonable impulse.

have endeavoured to perceive such a connection, but beyond one stray sentence in Schubert's diary, as we shall see further on, there is not a tittle of evidence to prove that he sought to depict his own feelings by his music.

The year 1823 brought with it one or two matters of considerable moment to Franz Schubert, and it was also a very active period in the way of composition. In October of this year Weber's *Euryanthe* was produced in Vienna, the composer having come to that city for the express purpose of conducting his new opera. It would be pleasant to be able to chronicle a friendly meeting between two musicians so mutually imbued with thorough German feeling, and who for that reason should have felt sympathy and admiration for each other's aims and aspirations. The existence of such a natural bond of union did not, however, prevent Schubert from criticising with severity the obvious defects of *Euryanthe*—defects which were more the fault of Helmina Chezy, the librettist, than of Carl Maria von Weber, the musician. His assertion that *Euryanthe* contained not one original melody, and very little genius, went far beyond the mark, and Weber was almost justified in his angry retort, to the effect, that "the blockhead should learn something first before he presumes to judge me." Schubert, nothing abashed, took the score of his *Alfonso and Estrella* to Weber to prove that he had already learned something. The composer of *Der Freischütz* looked through the score, and then remarked "that it was the usual course to drown the first puppies and burn the

first operas." Of course he only shared the general ignorance as to the marvellous extent and value of Schubert's productions. It is said that Weber's unfriendly expressions arose entirely from pique at Schubert's harsh criticism of his own work, and that subsequently he spoke highly of *Alfonso and Estrella*, and was willing to have it performed at the Dresden Opera, of which he was then conductor. But it is certain that these two men did not regard each other with the cordiality which one would have looked for under the circumstances.

The eccentric, and indeed, half-crazy authoress, Helmina von Chezy, who had been the means of causing the gifted and popular Weber to fail in his new opera, was now about to weigh down the genius of Franz Schubert in a similar manner. This arose under somewhat peculiar circumstances. A beautiful actress at Vienna, Fraülein Neumann, had an admirer named Kupelwieser, who was acquainted with Madame Chezy. He requested her to write a drama to which Schubert was to supply incidental music, for the benefit of his fair enslaver at the Theater an der Wien. Madame Chezy undertook the task, and finished it in five days, though convinced, as she says, of the unsuitability of her work for this particular theatre, whose public had a preference for pieces of a realistic and highly coloured description,—picturesque melodramas, and broad extravaganzas. Further, the director of the house, Wilhelm Vogel, had written a piece, *Der böse Krollo*, purposely for the benefit of Fraülein Neumann, and in a style more suited to his patrons. However

Schubert accepted his portion of the task, and the performance took place on December 20th. The piece was thus described in the bill :—" *Rosamunde, Princess of Cyprus*. Romantic play in four acts, with choruses, musical accompaniments and dances, by Helmina Chezy née Klencke. The music by Herr Schubert." Accounts are unanimous as to the heaviness, monotony, and obscurity of the drama, but the music was very warmly received, thanks in part to Schubert's friends, who mustered in strong force, and applauded vociferously. The overture was that to *Alfonso and Estrella*, then just composed. A critic in a periodical called *Der Sammler*, speaks in the following terms of the music :—" Herr Schubert shows originality in his compositions, but unfortunately *bizarrierie* also. The young man is in a period of development; we hope that he will come out of it successfully. At present he is too much applauded; for the future, may he never complain of being too little recognised." Had this writer been permitted to take a peep into futurity, his astonishment at Schubert's place in music would have been immense. *Rosamunde* was performed but twice, and then laid aside in favour of *Der böse Krollo*. In 1824, the romance and the three choruses were published with pianoforte accompaniment. In 1828, the overture to *Die Zauberharfe* was published in a four-hand arrangement as the overture to *Rosamunde*, and this title it has since preserved. The orchestral parts to the romance and choruses, as well as the pretty shepherd's melody and a third entr'acte, were discovered by Mr. George Grove in a cupboard at Dr. Schneider's, where they had lain undisturbed for forty-four years.

The next important dramatic work composed this year was the opera *Fierabras*. Barbaja, the manager of the Imperial Opera, had commissioned Josef Kupelwieser, the secretary of the Josefstadt Theatre, to write the libretto, and Schubert composed the whole of the music to three acts between May 25th and October 2nd. According to the dates on the score, the first act, consisting of 300 pages, was written in five days. It was so much labour wasted, however, as Barbaja's lease of the theatre came shortly to an end; and *Fierabras* was not accepted for performance by his successor. The scene of the opera is laid in Spain, and the story is purely romantic, dealing with the wars with the Moors. According to Kreissle's description, the action seems well sustained, with plenty of heroic and sentimental excitement. The music consists of the overture and twenty-two numbers. As the opera has not yet been published in its complete form, it is impossible to judge definitely of its merits, the only portions at present available being the overture, a soprano air with male chorus "Des Jammers herbe Qualen," and a chorus of Moors, "Der Rache Opfer fallen." *Fierabras* has never been performed in public, and if we may form an opinion from mere description, it would be better adapted for stage representation at the present day, than any other of Schubert's dramatic works. Whether this be so or not, the world should not be deprived of the music, written in the composer's prime, and doubtless abounding in beauties.

This did not conclude his labours for the theatre this year. Among the writers of light and ephemeral pieces,

mostly adapted from the French, was I. F. Castelli, who published about this time a one act libretto, *Die Verschworenen*. The author's preface is worth quoting:—"The general complaint of German composers is this: 'We should be very pleased to write operas if we could obtain suitable poems!' Now here is one, gentlemen! If you will set it to music, please let my words have fair play, and don't spoil the plot, whilst you only look after roulades and flourishes in preference to musical characteristics. In my opinion, the opera should be a dramatically worked piece, accompanied with music—not music with a text adapted as an afterthought; and the general effect and impression, according to my view, are of more importance than that of giving an opportunity for some individual singer to display the elasticity and power of his vocal organ. Let us do something, gentlemen, for the *bonâ fide* German opera!" The soundness of the views here expressed is undeniable. Schubert must have seized upon the piece immediately after its publication, for the date at the end of his score is April, 1823; there is no date at the commencement. Castelli and Schubert were acquainted with each other, but the composer, with characteristic carelessness, never even mentioned to the librettist that he had set *Die Verschworenen*. However, both he and Josef Hüttenbrenner made serious efforts to get the work performed, but without success. A memorandum book has this entry in 1824:—"Der häusliche Krieg (the title subsequently given to the operetta), written at my father's house, reviewed and passed for representation at the Royal Opera House." On the other hand, when the piece was produced at Munich

in 1862, the *Augsburg Zeitung*, in its notice, stated that "A year after Schubert had given his opera to the managers of the Opera House, he thought the time had arrived for him to make some inquiries after the fate of his work. Whereupon he got back his score from the library, rolled up, tied, and fastened—in short, in exactly the same state as he had sent it thirteen months before to his wise judges and reviewers." This story has never been corroborated. The plot of *Der häusliche Krieg* is an adaptation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*. Its humour is rather broad and unrefined, but the treatment shows a good knowledge of stage effect, and offers plenty of scope for piquant musical treatment. But Schubert could not abandon himself thoroughly to the exigencies of dramatic representation. He was at all times intensely subjective as a composer, and did not perceive the necessity of subjugating, or even controlling, his lyrical impulses for the better realisation of the various situations in an operatic framework. Thus we find in *Der häusliche Krieg*, as in his earlier dramatic works, a lavish quantity of delicious melody, whenever an opportunity offers itself for him to exercise his wonderful gift. But of the true dramatic instinct there is but little perceptible, and as *Der häusliche Krieg* was the last of his completed works for the stage, we are constrained to say that as an operatic composer Schubert missed his mark. His very inventiveness was a stumbling block to him. But in the concert room the music of his lyric dramas will always be acceptable. *Der häusliche Krieg* remained unknown till 1861, when it was performed at a concert of the Vienna Musikverein, and created

a most favourable impression. In August of the same year it was given on the stage at Frankfort, and performances in several other German cities followed quickly. The score was published by Spina in 1862. On March 2, 1872, the music was given at a Crystal Palace concert.

The most interesting and valuable of his compositions in 1823 is the very charming cycle of songs known as *Die schöne Müllerin*. The circumstances attending the production of this lovely work show the composer in a thoroughly characteristic light. One day he called upon Herr Randhartinger, secretary to Count Seczenyi, and was asked to wait a short time. Taking up a volume of Müller's poems he read a few lines, and then put the book in his pocket and went away. Next day the secretary went to Schubert for his book, and was presented with No. 1 of the *Müllerlieder*. Fourteen other songs were written this year, several of his greatest favourites being among them. The well-known song "Der Zwerg," was composed in the shop of the music publishers, Sauer and Leidesdorf, Schubert maintaining, meanwhile, an animated conversation with a friend. His extraordinary rapidity and facility of composition under every kind of unfavourable circumstances, suggested the idea to his friend, Johann Vogl, that he wrote whilst in a state of clairvoyance. This theory was confirmed by the following incident: Among some songs recently composed was one to which Vogl took a special fancy, but finding it too high for him, he had a copy written in a lower key. A fortnight later he tried over the song in Schubert's presence, and the composer

exclaimed, "H'm! pretty good song. Who wrote it?" Taking into consideration, not only the multitude of his compositions, but his careless treatment of them, this forgetfulness of one of the children of his own brain was not so very surprising.

One of the finest of the instrumental works this year is the piano Sonata in A minor (Op. 143), the slow movement of which is worthy of Beethoven for breadth and grandeur. Reissmann places this work as far back as 1817, but an examination of the music is sufficient to prove this date erroneous. Among the publications in 1823 (Op. 15 to 24) were the pianoforte Fantasia in C, a set of dances, six male voice part songs, and seventeen *Lieder*.

Of Schubert's personal movements at this time very little is known. He passed the whole year in Vienna, living for the most part in his father's house, according to the memoranda on his compositions, and subsisting of course on the sale of these.

We now approach a period in Schubert's life when the clouds of destiny first gathered thickly around him, reiterated disappointments, a monotonous existence and bodily weakness contributing to produce a state of extreme mental depression. The unhappy frequently find some painful consolation in noting down their thoughts, and Schubert, it would appear, kept a diary at this time, from which Kreissle has made the following extracts:—"Grief sharpens the understanding and strengthens the soul, whereas joy seldom troubles itself about the former, and makes the latter either effeminate or frivolous." "March 27th.—No one fathoms another's

grief, no one another's joy. People think they are ever going to one another, and they only go near one another. Oh, the misery of him who knows this by experience!" "My productions in music are the product of the understanding, and spring from my sorrow, those only which are the product of pain seem to please the great world most. The loftiest inspiration is but a step removed from the absolutely ludicrous, just as the deepest wisdom is so near akin to crass stupidity. With faith man steps forth into the world. Faith is far ahead of understanding and knowledge; for to understand any thing, I must first of all believe something. It is the higher basis on which the weak understanding rears its first columns of proof; reason is nothing but faith analysed."

"March 29.—Oh Fancy! thou unsearchable fountain at which artists and philosophers quench their thirst! Oh, stay with us, although known and honoured but by few; stay with us, if only to guard us against so-called enlightenment, that skeleton without flesh and blood."

On March 31st Schubert wrote the following letter to Professor Leopold Kupelwieser, brother of Josef, who wrote the libretto of *Fierabras* and arranged the production of *Rosamunde*. Herein his inmost feelings are portrayed in vivid colours.

"DEAR KUPELWIESER,—I have been anxious for some time past to write to you, but I didn't know how to manage it. An opportunity however is now offered me, and at last I can once more pour out my heart to somebody. You are so good, so honest and true, you will surely

forgive me much which others would take offence at. In one word I feel myself the most unhappy, the most miserable man on earth. Picture to yourself a man whose health can never be re-established, who from sheer despair makes matters worse instead of better; picture to yourself, I say, a man whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing, to whom the happiness of proffered love and friendship is but anguish, whose enthusiasm for the beautiful (an inspired feeling at least) threatens to vanish altogether—and then ask yourself if such a condition does not represent a miserable and unhappy man?

“‘Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.’

I can repeat these lines now every day; for every night when I go to sleep I hope never to awake, and every morning renews afresh the wounds of yesterday. Friendlessly, joylessly should I drag on the days of my existence were it not that sometimes my brain reels, and a gleam of the sweet days that are gone shoots across my vision. Our society, as you will have known by this time, came to an end from the reinforcement of the coarse crew addicted to beer drinking and sausage-eating; its dissolution followed in two days, although I gave up attending immediately after your departure. Leidesdorf,¹ with whom I am intimately acquainted, is a thoroughly sound, good man, but so deeply depressed and melancholy that I fear I have gained from him more than is good for me in this respect. Then, both his and my affairs are not prosperous, consequently, we never have money.

“Your brother’s opera² (I don’t admire his conduct in absenting himself from the theatre) was declared impracticable, and no demand of any sort was made for

¹ The music publisher.

² *Fierabras*.

my music. Castelli's opera, *Die Verschworenen*,¹ has been received with applause at Berlin: the music is by a resident composer there. Thus I have composed two operas to no purpose whatever. I have done very little new in the way of songs; but, to make amends, I have made several attempts in instrumental things, for I have composed two quartets, besides an octet, and I intend to write an additional quartet; thus I hope to pave the way for a grand symphony.

"The latest news in Vienna is that Beethoven intends giving a concert, when we are to have his new symphony, three numbers out of the new mass, and a new overture. God willing, I intend also to give a similar concert next year. Now I conclude, not wishing to use too much letter-paper, and greet you a thousand times. If you were to write all about your artistic and intellectual state just at present, and your life generally, nothing would give greater pleasure to your true friend,

"FRANZ SCHUBERT.

"My address would be, 'An die Kunsthandlung Sauer, and Leidesdorf,' because at the beginning of March I go with Esterhazy to Hungary."

These extracts are indicative of a morbid frame of mind. But it would be grossly unjust to quote them, as some have done, to prove that Schubert's normal condition was unhappy, and that he regarded himself as the victim of a relentless fate, ever dooming him to failure and disappointment. His natural disposition was to take matters easily and unconcernedly, and this outburst of complaining was only the result of one of those temporary fits of depression to which most men are subject at some period

¹ A more fortunate setting of the same libretto.

of their lives. Again, it would be deceptive to estimate the state of his mind from the character of his music: in the midst of this mental gloom he composed the octet for strings and wind, one of the most uniformly cheerful of his works.

In the letter quoted above he mentions that he is going to the Esterhazys at Zelész. Six years had elapsed since he was last there, and there is nothing to show why the arrangement made in 1818 was not followed up annually. Nor is there any evidence that he even continued to teach the family or maintain his intimacy with them during their winter residence in Vienna. But, from a certain incident now to be narrated, it is probable that the connection was not sundered for so long a period as six years. It may seem surprising that up to the present time no mention has been made of any affair of the heart in which Schubert was concerned. One in whom the poetic and imaginative qualities were so richly developed should have been peculiarly susceptible to the tender passion. This was not so, however, for he was fond of rallying his friends on their various flirtations, and only once in his whole career did he conceive an ardent affection. Its object was Caroline, the younger daughter of Count Esterhazy. Kreissle refers to the matter on the occasion of Schubert's first visit to Zelész in 1818. But Caroline was then a little girl of eleven, and he was twenty-one—an age when men are rarely attracted by females much younger than themselves. It is probable therefore that the affair commenced at a later date, and it is certain that it culmi-

nated in 1824. Caroline was now seventeen years old, and her increasing beauty and attractive manners fairly enslaved her musical preceptor. That she was aware of his passion cannot be doubted, and one day she asked him, with pretended feelings of earnestness, why he never dedicated any of his pieces to her; he replied, "What would be the use? All that I do is dedicated to you." But although she admired and liked him, in common with the rest of her family, she could not return his love; and, considering the disparity in their ages and positions and Schubert's unprepossessing appearance, there is no cause for wonder at this insensibility.

Romanticists will delight to trace the effect of this dominant feeling of his heart in the music composed about this time. The biographer cannot deal with such conjectures, but must pass to the more practical question of the influence of a sojourn in Hungary on Schubert's imagination. With all his subjectivity, he could not be impervious to the fascinations of Slavonic music, and we find an unmistakable Hungarian impress in several compositions referable to the year 1824. The *Divertissement à la Hongroise* for four hands, Op. 54, is one of these; and the Quartet in A minor, Op. 29, a work of far greater beauty and value, is another. The two Quartets in E flat and E, Op. 125, were written this year, though previous to his visit to Zelész (*vide* his letter to Kupelwieser); but the Variations, Op. 35, are dated from that place, and so is the magnificent Sonata in C for four hands, Op. 140. This splendid work was composed in June, according to the autograph in the possession of Madame Schumann.

Its eminently orchestral character is obvious to all musicians, and Herr Joachim, recognising this, has scored it in the most tasteful and appropriate manner. Of course he has thereby incurred the displeasure of the pedants, which in this instance he can well afford to disregard. In the letter to Kupelwieser Schubert speaks of writing a grand symphony. No such work saw the light until 1828. May not this be the symphony, disguised thus, because no orchestra was available at Zelész? It is permissible to think so, and, having regard to the character of the work, Herr Joachim should receive the gratitude of all Schubert's admirers for having placed one of his most valuable bequests in its proper sphere. The Sonata in A Minor, for pianoforte and harp, mentioned by Kreissle, is probably that for piano and arpeggione. Among the vocal compositions there is the celebrated quartet, *Gebet vor der Schlacht*. This afforded to the Esterhazys an example of Schubert's extraordinary readiness in composition. One morning, at breakfast, the Countess begged him to set De la Motte Fouqué's poem to music. In the evening he presented the quartet, and it was practised at once. The manuscript remained in possession of the Countess until 1838, when it was published.

The change of scene and occupation had an ameliorating influence on Schubert's mind, as will be seen by the following extracts from a serious but on the whole cheerful letter to his brother Ferdinand:—"Was it merely sorrow at my absence that drew tears from you, which you could not trust yourself to write about?

Or on thinking of me, oppressed as I am by indefinable longings, did you feel yourself enveloped in a gloomy veil of sorrow? Or did all the tears which you have already seen me shed come to your remembrance? For, come what may, I feel more plainly than ever at this moment that you, and none else, are my own precious friend, interwoven with every fibre of my soul. In order that these lines may not perchance mislead you to a belief that I am unwell or out of spirits, I hasten to assure you of the contrary. Certainly that happy joyous time is gone, when every object seemed encircled with a halo of youthful glory; and that which has followed is a miserable reality, which I endeavour, as far as possible, to embellish by the gifts of my fancy (for which I thank God). . . . I am now, much more than formerly, in the way of finding peace and happiness in myself. As a proof of this I shall show you a grand sonata and variations upon an original theme, which I have already composed. . . ."

This letter is dated July 18th. The picture it draws of the tone poet finding consolation for the disappointments of life in the exercise of his art, shows that Schubert was beginning instinctively to comprehend his mission in the world.

The publications of 1824 comprise the Müllerlieder, dedicated to the Baron von Schönstein, the friend of the Esterhazys, the vocal pieces from *Rosamunde*, the three Marches for four hands, Op. 27, and the part song, *Der Gondelfahrer*.

Next year the clouds drifted entirely away from Schubert, and he became once more buoyant, jovial,

mirth-loving. This change for the better was brought about by a long excursion which he took with Vogl in the romantic region of Upper Austria. The friends met at Steyr on March 31st, where they remained until the warm weather set in, enjoying the hospitality of their many friends, and rewarding them with their musical performances. In their subsequent wanderings they also fell in constantly with old acquaintances, whose companionship greatly added to the delights of travel in a beautiful country. The most vivid idea of Schubert's feelings at this time can be gained by allowing him to speak for himself. Here is a portion of a letter written to his old schoolfellow, Joseph Spaun, who supplied him with music-paper at the Convict :—

“Linz, July 21, 1825.

“DEAR SPAUN,—You may well imagine my uncommon vexation in being obliged in Linz to write a letter to you in Lemberg.¹ Deuce take that abominable duty which separates friends from one another when they had scarce sipped the cup of friendship! Here I am sitting still in Linz, half dead with the melting heat and perspiration. I have a whole number of new songs, and you are not here. Are you not ashamed? Linz without you is a body without a soul, a rider without a horse, broth without salt. If I didn't get good beer at Jägermaier's, and decent wine at the Schlossberg, I should go and hang myself on the parade out of grief for the soul of the Linzers, which has taken wing and flown away. You see I am utterly out of sorts with the general lot of Linz folk, whereas in your mother's house, surrounded by your sisters, besides Attenwalt

¹ He expected to have met his friend in Linz, but business had called Spaun away before his arrival.

and Max, I am thoroughly happy: a faint shadow of their spirit seems to radiate from the material form of an occasional Linzer. Only I fear this light will become beautifully less by degrees, and then I shall fall to pieces in sheer despair. After all it is downright misery to see everything ossified into stale prose, whilst the majority of humdrum people jog on in perfect self-complacency, as long as they can comfortably slide over the quagmire into the abyss below. It certainly is much harder work as one mounts upward in the scale, and yet it would be an easy matter to get rid of the common elements, if the upper classes lent a helping hand. For the rest, don't let your hair grow grey with misery at being so far away from us. Brave the simple fate; let your gentle spirit expand like a flower-garden, that you may diffuse the warmth of life in the cold north, and show your divine origin wherever you go. Contemptible is the grief which stealthily creeps upon a noble heart; cast it away from you, and tear to pieces the vulture which is gnawing at your soul."

The true genial Schubert shows himself here unmistakably. On July 25th he sent a long letter to his parents from which a few brief extracts are subjoined:—

"My new songs out of Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* were very warmly commended. My audience expressed great delight at the solemnity of my Hymn to the Blessed Virgin; it seems to have infected the minds of listeners with a spirit of piety and devotion. I believe I have attained this result by never forcing on myself religious ecstasy, and never setting myself to compose such hymns or prayers, except when I am involuntarily overcome by the feeling and spirit of

devotion; in that case devotion is of the right and genuine kind. I intend to have some other arrangement for the publication of these songs, the present one inviting so little attention. They must have the illustrious name of Scott on the title page, and thus make people more curious: with the addition of the English text, they might help to make me better known in England, if only once I could but make some fair terms with art-purveyors; but in that matter the wise and beneficent management of the Government has taken care that the artist shall remain for ever the slave of every huckster. With regard to Milder's letter, I am glad to hear of the favourable reception given to Zuleika, although I should have liked to have examined the review for myself to see if there was anything to be learned from it; for, however favourable the criticism may be, the whole thing may be simply ridiculous, if the reviewer, as is often the case, has not the proper understanding and capacity for reviewing. Give my kindest love to Ferdinand and his wife and children. Could he only see these divine mountains and lakes, the look of which threatens to crush or to swallow us, he would not be so enamoured of the petty life of men as not to esteem it a great happiness to be restored anew to life and strength and energy. What of Carl? Will he travel, or stay at home? He has now a great deal to do; for a married artist is bound to publish pieces from nature, as well as copies; and if both kinds succeed, he is doubly to be praised, for that is no light matter to attain unto. I renounce it on that account."

These are not the utterances of a man who is thoroughly tired and disgusted with existence, and whose mind has become unhinged by long-continued striving with unkind fortune. The simple piety and

sly humour are characteristic of Schubert at his best; and the unwonted shrewdness in business matters shows that he was beginning at least to acquire a little knowledge of the world.

Later in the season he sent Ferdinand a detailed account of his wanderings, from which we quote a few passages. The first portion is dated Gmunden, September 12th:—

.... "From Neumarkt, which is the last stage before Salzburg, one gets the first glimpse of the snow-covered tops of mountains emerging from the Salzburg valley. About an hour from Neumarkt the country is exceedingly beautiful. The Waller See, which pours forth its clear bluish-greenish water, lights up this fair scene in an enchanting way. The situation is very lofty, and from that point one gets by a constant descent as far as Salzburg. The mountains appear higher and higher; the Untersberg, with its ghosts and legends, particularly peers above the rest like magic. The villages show signs of the wealth of former days. In the commonest peasants' houses one finds on all sides marble window-ledge and doors, sometimes even staircases of red marble. The sun darkens and the gloomy clouds lower over the black mountains like children of the mist; but they touch not the peak of the Untersberg; they glide past it as though afraid of its dreadful inmates. From the Cathedral we went to the Monastery of St. Peter, where Michael Haydn resided. The church here also is wonderfully beautiful. Here, as you know, is the monument of M. Haydn. It is very fine, but is badly placed in an obscure, out-of-the-way corner. The inscriptions all about, in different directions, have something childish about them. Haydn's head is contained in an urn. I thought to myself, 'May thy pure and peaceful spirit hover around me, dear Haydn! and if I can never become like thee, peaceful and guileless, at all

events none on earth has such deep reverence for thee as I have.' (Sad tears fell from my eyes and we went on)."

"Steyr, September 21.

"You see from the date that several days have elapsed between this and my last letter, and that from Gmunden we have, alas! settled down again at Steyr. To continue, then, the diary of my journey (which I already repent of—it takes me too long). The following day was the loveliest day in the world, and of the world. The Untersberg, or more properly the Oberste, shone and glistened amidst his squadron and attendant crowd of other mountains in or, strictly speaking, near the sun. We drove through the above-described valley, and fancied ourselves in elysium,—with this advantage over the paradise of old, that we sat in a charming carriage—a luxury desiderated by Adam and Eve. Instead of wild beasts, all sorts of pretty girls met us on our way. It really is very wrong that in so lovely a country I should make such sorry jokes, but to-day I can't be serious for a single moment. . . . After some hours we arrived at Hallein, a remarkable town, but uncommonly dirty and dismal. All the inhabitants look like ghosts, pale, hollow-eyed, and thin enough to make tapers of, or lucifer matches. The horrible contrast suggested by a comparison of the Ratzenstadtl with the other valley made a very fatal impression on my mind. It is as though one fell straight from heaven upon a dungheap, or listened to something of the immortal A. after a piece of Mozart's. . . . Amidst these awful scenes of nature man has sought to perpetuate the memory of his still more dreadful inhuman actions. For here it was where the Bavarians on one side of the Salzach, and the Tyrolese on the other, the river roaring deep beneath them inflicted that dreadful, murderous slaughter, whilst the Tyrolese, secreted in the holes of the rocks, uttering their hellish

cries, fired on the Bavarians, who were striving to win the pass, and fell wounded into the abyss, without seeing whence the shots proceeded. This shameful action, which was continued for several days and weeks, they tried to mark by building a chapel on the Bavarian side of the pass, and erecting a red cross in the rock on the Tyrolese side. These emblems were partly intended as memorials, and partly to appease the wrath of Heaven by such sacred mementoes. O glorious Christ, how many wicked deeds must Thy sacred image appear to sanction! Thou, Thyself, the cruellest memorial of human guilt, men set up Thy image as though they would say, 'Lo! with insolent feet, we have trampled upon the most perfect creation of the great God; should we feel disturbed compunction of heart in annihilating that noxious insect called man?' Gracious Heaven! it's an awful business having to describe one's travels. I can't say more. As I intend to come to Vienna in the early part of October, I will present you with my diary *in propria persona*, and where I have omitted anything you shall have it from my lips."

Shortly after this Vogl departed for Italy, to be treated for the gout; and as Schubert's money was nearly all spent, he returned to Vienna, light of pocket, but thoroughly restored in body and mind. If he could have renewed these pleasant excursions at frequent intervals, his precious life might have been spared for a few years at least. But, with the exception of a brief visit to Gratz in 1827, this was the last occasion on which he left Vienna.

Whilst he was enjoying the beauties of nature in the Austrian Tyrol, and of art in Salzburg, his pen was not idle. The wild and beautiful Sonata in A Minor, Op. 42, was certainly written during his wanderings, and

Nottebohm names the Sonatas in D, Op. 53, and in A, Op. 120, as being probably composed this year. Reissmann is undoubtedly wrong in placing these works as early as 1817. They are both in his later manner—the Sonata in D especially.

Publication proceeded rapidly this year, the A Minor Quartet, Op. 29, several songs and piano pieces, as far as Op. 38, being included in the catalogue. No record is to be found of the sums received by Schubert for these works, but the honorarium was doubtless in all cases very small, as his finances were in a very unsatisfactory condition at the end of the year.

Ten years had elapsed since Schubert made his unsuccessful application for the post of Music-master at Laibach, and since that time he had not tried to obtain any appointment. In 1826, however, he made two such moves, failing in the first by mere ill-fortune, and in the second by his own folly, if we may credit the story. The office of Vicecapellmeister to the Imperial Court falling vacant, Schubert sent in an application. Among the other candidates were Ignaz Ritter von Seyfried, Conradin Kreutzer, Anselm Hüttenbrenner, and Josef Weigl. Count Harrach, the Hofmusikgraf, in making his report concerning the merits of the candidates, said of Schubert, "Schubert appeals to his services as Court-singer, confirmed by a testimonial of Salieri, who taught him composition, and vouches for the fact of his having composed five masses, which have been given in several churches." The decision was not made until January in the following year.

As Schindler is the authority for the details of the other affair ; and as there are circumstances in it hard to believe, it will be only just to let him tell the story in his own words :—"Schubert had an opportunity in 1826 of freeing himself from his monetary difficulties by obtaining a respectable appointment. In consequence of Capellmeister Krebs leaving for Hamburg, a conductor was required for the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and Schubert's friends, with Vogl at their head, tried their utmost to get him appointed. The young musician had attracted the attention of Duport, the manager ; but the decision rested upon his success in composing some operatic scenes arranged for the occasion. This was done, and Nanette Schechner was to sing the soprano part. During the rehearsals, the lady called the attention of the composer to some insurmountable difficulties in the principal air, and requested him to make curtailments and to simplify the accompaniments, which Schubert flatly refused to do. At the first orchestral rehearsal the artist endeavoured in vain to master the air, and Schubert's friends begged him to make the required modifications but without result. He persisted in his determination. At the last rehearsal everything went smoothly until the air, when it happened as every one anticipated. The singer struggled hard with the weighty accompaniments, especially with the brass, but was fairly overpowered. She sat down on a chair by the proscenium quite exhausted. No one spoke, and despair was on every countenance. Meanwhile Duport, the manager, went from group to group and whispered mysteriously. As for Schubert,

he sat motionless, during this most unpleasant scene, like a statue, his eyes fixed upon the score lying open in front of him. At length Duport advanced to the orchestra and said, very politely, 'Herr Schubert, we should like to postpone the performance for a few days; and I must request that you will make the requisite alterations in the aria, so as to render it easier for Fräulein Schechner.' Several members of the orchestra now entreated Schubert to yield; but his anger was only intensified by Duport's observations and these added entreaties, and exclaiming in a loud voice, 'I alter nothing,' he closed the book with a bang, put it under his arm, and strode away quickly. All hope of his appointment was of course abandoned."

This extraordinary story rests solely on the authority of Schindler, whose untrustworthiness with regard to Beethoven has been often exposed. That Schubert was exceedingly averse to altering anything he had written was undoubtedly true. Carl Umlauff, a musical amateur, relates that he often used to visit him early in the morning, and generally found him in bed noting down his ideas. Umlauff would sing his newest songs with a guitar accompaniment, sometimes venturing to question the advisability of the expression given to certain words. But Schubert was very tenacious of his own views, and would never agree to alter what was once written down. On one occasion there was an argument on the line in *The Wanderer*. "O Land, wo bist du?" Schubert insisted upon emphasising the word "bist;" Umlauff, the word "du." Schubert justly held to his opinion, and the line was published in this form.

On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that Schubert, who was rarely known to lose his temper, would behave in the extraordinary manner Schindler has described. An eye-witness of the rehearsal, Franz Zierer, says that the scene was difficult; but remembers nothing of any unpleasantness, asserting, indeed, that Schubert behaved in his usual quiet, undemonstrative manner. Josef Hüttenbrenner declares that Fräulein Schechner expressed herself delighted "with the wonderfully beautiful air by Schubert," and that theatrical intrigues were the reason of his failure to win the appointment. An examination of the piece would probably put an end to all doubts on the subject; but unhappily it has been lost, and, thanks to Schindler, Franz Schubert must still bear the suspicion of having ruined his own prospects by suicidal folly. At the same time as Kreissle well observes, it is not likely that he would have remained at his post even if he had obtained it. His love of change, his independent spirit, and free untutored manner would have ill agreed with the routine duties of a theatrical conductor.

Meanwhile the rumour of his ability as a composer was gradually spreading, and this year negotiations were carried on with publishers in distant cities with reference to the purchase of his works. Probst, of Leipsic, wrote to him, on August 26th, offering to take some *lieder* and pianoforte pieces written in a comprehensible style and free from the composer's eccentricity of manner. Breitkopf and Härtel, the most celebrated firm of German music publishers, in reply to over

tures from Schubert, stated, in a letter dated September 7th, their willingness to issue one or two piano pieces if Schubert would accept a number of copies in lieu of money. This extreme caution seems strange and short-sighted at this distance of time, but it was perhaps natural in commercial firms dealing with a man whose name even was scarcely known beyond his own select circle. These *pourparlers* had no practical result in 1826; but in Vienna publication went on apace, even as far as Op. 67. There is a memorandum in Nottebohm's catalogue that for the Sonata in D, No. 2, Op. 53, and the *Divertissement à la Hongroise*, Op. 54, Schubert received 300 gulden from Artaria.

As to composition there was no falling off either in extent or value, as will be seen by the catalogue. The two magnificent Quartets in D Minor and G were both written this year, the latter in the brief period of ten days from June 20th to 30th. Thanks to the variations on "Der Tod und das Mädchen," the Quartet in D Minor is the more popular of the two; but the one in G is the finer. They are both glorious compositions, unequalled save by the best creations of Beethoven in the same form.

As Schubert took no journeys this year, and his music was published so rapidly, he was probably in a more satisfactory financial position at its close. On October 12th he received the following gratifying address, together with a purse of 100 gulden, from the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde:—"You have given this society repeated proofs of your sympathy and the

interest you take in its welfare, and devoted your distinguished talents as a composer to the benefit of this institution, and you have also been a special benefactor to the Conservatorium. The Society, capable of appreciating the full value of your remarkable powers as a composer, wishes to convey to you some appropriate token of its gratitude and esteem, and begs your acceptance of the inclosed present, not as a payment, but an acknowledgment on the part of the Society of the obligations it is under to you, for the zeal and interest you have taken in its welfare. From the leading Committee for the Amateur Society of the Austrian Kaiserstadt. KIESEWETTER, *manu propria*."

The compositions referred to must be the 23rd Psalm, and "Gott in der Natur," written for the pupils of the Conservatorium. Schubert made a rich return for the compliment paid him by the Musikfreunde. He presented them in 1828 with the score of his great Symphony in C; but as will be seen they did not at the time know how to appreciate the gift.

On January 22nd, 1827, the decision with reference to the appointment of Vicecapellmeister was made known. Josef Weigl, composer of "Die Schweizerfamilie," and a large number of works in all branches of musical art, was the fortunate candidate; and thus Schubert again found himself deprived of the chance of obtaining a settled income, as well as an honourable position. When he was informed of Weigl's election he said to Spaun, "I should have been very glad to receive that appointment, but as it has been given to so excellent a musician as Weigl I have no cause for dissatis-

faction." Early this year the musical world was startled by learning the dangerous illness of Beethoven. Notwithstanding Schindler's graphic description of the great master's reception of Schubert in 1822, there is no direct evidence that the two composers met at that time. Josef Hüttenbrenner, whose testimony may be trusted, states, however, that he, Schubert, and the artist Teltscher went to Beethoven's house during his last illness, and stood for a long while round his bed. The dying man was told the names of his visitors, and made signs to them with his hand which they could not comprehend. Schubert was deeply touched on this occasion, for his veneration for the greatest of all musicians amounted to something resembling worship. Shortly afterwards the news went forth that the mighty Beethoven was dead, and among the concourse of persons that attended his funeral was Franz Schubert. A Viennese journal states that he was one of the thirty-eight torchbearers who stood around the grave. After the ceremony he adjourned with two friends to the Mehlgrube tavern, where he filled two glasses of wine, and drank the first to the memory of Beethoven and the second to the memory of him who should be the first to follow Beethoven to the grave. All men think all men mortal but themselves—and Schubert probably little dreamed that he would be summoned to follow Beethoven's footsteps in less than two years.

Any gloomy considerations were for a while dispelled by a pleasurable excursion which Schubert made late in the summer of this year. At Gratz there lived a family of the name of Pachler, whose house was the

rendezvous for all persons connected with art, and especially with music, who happened to be in Gratz. Frau Pachler, the wife of Dr. Carl, was gifted far above the average of her sex with musical ability; she was a devoted admirer of Beethoven, and played his sonatas with great intelligence. Musicians of note were always sure of a welcome at the house of the Pachlers, and Beethoven himself was expected in 1827, his death putting an end for ever to this hope. Schubert's friend Jenger was intimate with the family, and had been commissioned to bring him in 1826, but business matters interposed an obstacle to this arrangement, and it was postponed until next year. On June 12th Schubert addressed a letter to Madame Pachler as follows:—

“MOST GRACIOUS LADY,—Although I am at a loss to account for my deserving at your hands the friendly invitation forwarded me in a letter sent to Jenger, and without ever supposing it will be in my power to make any kind of return for your goodness, yet I cannot but accept an invitation which will not only enable me to see Gratz, the praises of which place have become so familiar to me, but also to have the honour of becoming personally acquainted with you.

“I remain, with every sentiment of respect,

“Your most obedient servant,

“FRANZ SCHUBERT.”

The guests arrived at Gratz on Monday, September 3rd, and had a very pleasant time of it for nearly three weeks. Excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood and visits to hospitable friends of the Pachlers occupied much of the time, and Schubert's

music was in great request. The return journey to Vienna was accomplished on September 24th, and both Jenger and Schubert looked back regretfully on the happy days spent at Gratz. The former wrote a letter of thanks to their hostess, and the latter supplemented it with one to her husband, Dr. Carl Pachler, which ran thus:—

“HONOURED SIR,—I begin to find out already that I was far too happy and comfortable at Gratz, and that Vienna and I don't exactly suit one another. Certainly it is rather big, but on that account empty of all heart, sincerity, candour, genuine thoughts and feelings, rational talk, and utterly lacking in intellectual achievements. One cannot ascertain exactly whether people are clever or stupid, there's such a deal of petty, poor gossip—real cheerfulness one seldom if ever comes across. It is very possible, no doubt, that I have myself to blame, being so very slow in the art of thawing. In Gratz I soon learned to appreciate the absence of all artifice and conventional ways; had I stayed longer, I should, of course, have been more profoundly penetrated with the happiness of such perfect freedom from all restraint. Coming to particulars, I shall never forget the happy time passed with your dear wife, the sturdy Pachleros and the little Faust.¹ These were the happiest days I have passed for a long time. In the hope of my being able some day to express my gratitude in a fitting manner,

“I remain, with the greatest respect,

“Yours most obediently,

“FRANZ SCHUBERT.”

“N.B.—I hope to be able to send the libretto in a few days.”

¹ Dr. Pachler's only son, aged seven.

The libretto here mentioned was that of *Alfonso and Estrella*. Schubert had left the score at Gratz in the hope of getting the opera performed there. The Pachlers used their utmost influence in the matter, but without success, the conductor, Hysel, declaring that the technical difficulties of the work were insuperable. The score remained in Dr. Pachler's keeping until 1843, when Ferdinand Schubert sent for it in the expectation, which proved fruitless, of obtaining a performance in Vienna.

Madame Pachler begged Schubert to write a piano duet for herself and her little son, and he complied by sending her a march in G, with the following letter:—

“Herewith I forward the four-hand piece for the little Faust. I am afraid it will not meet with your approval, as I do not feel myself particularly well qualified for writing things in this style. I hope you are both in a better state of health than I am; the pains in my head—a common disorder with me—have returned. Pray congratulate Dr. Carl very heartily for me on his birthday, and let him know that I have not been able as yet to get back from that lazy fellow, Gottdank, my libretto, which I let him have to read through months and months ago.

“I remain, with great respect,

“Your most obedient,

“FRANZ SCHUBERT.”

This letter is dated October 12th. The pains in his head mentioned by Schubert were the premonitory

symptoms of his approaching illness. He had suffered for years from nervous headache and a rush of blood to the brain, and the attacks gradually increased in intensity. No idea of any serious malady, however, seems to have been entertained at this time, either by himself or his friends.

Musically the product of 1827 was at least of equal value to that of previous years. The largest choral work was the *Deutsche Messe*, a series of movements set to a sacred text by Johann Philip Neumann; and composed for the Vienna Polytechnic. The accompaniment is for organ, or wind instruments, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, and drums. In style the music is religious, simple, and homophonous.

The trio in B flat, Op. 99, was probably, and the trio in E flat, Op. 100, certainly composed this year. In the B flat trio Schubert reverts to a simpler, lighter style of composition than he had lately affected. By some odd caprice of fate this work enjoys greater popularity than its companion, which is its equal in melodic beauty, and far grander in conception, more poetical, and more thoroughly imbued with Schubertian individuality. The Impromptus for pianoforte solo, Op. 142, are supposed to have been written about this time; the date of those Op. 90 is unknown.

The completion of the *Winterreise* seems to have occupied his attention in the autumn of this year. These sad but most lovely *Lieder* are so well known and admired that any criticism on their merits would be superfluous.

The publications extended to Op. 88, and included the fantasia-sonata in G, and those portions of the operas *Alfonso and Estrella* and *Fierabras* which were deemed worthy to see the light. Notwithstanding some negotiations, Schubert did not succeed in placing any of his compositions beyond the confines of Vienna. Probst, of Leipsic, wrote early in the year declining the manuscripts forwarded to him, on the ground that he was concentrating his energies on the issue of a complete edition of the works of Kalkbrenner. It is easy to sneer at the shortsightedness of one who could not foresee the time when Kalkbrenner's name would be all but forgotten, whilst that of Schubert would become a household word. But a publisher, even if he could look into futurity, must still deal with the present, and cannot go beyond a certain length in spreading the fame of an author whom the public is slow to recognise.

But perhaps the oddest communication ever received by a composer was that addressed to Schubert by Friedrich Rochlitz, who wished him to set a poem, entitled *Der Erste Ton*. After stating that his directions are merely to be taken as hints for general consideration, he proceeds to enter into minute details as follows:—"Overture, a staccato chord, *fortissimo*, and then perhaps a lengthy sustained passage, for clarinet or horn, with pauses; then, commencing quietly and slowly, illustrated in music more and more gloomy and restless in style, treated harmonically rather than melodically, a kind of chaos, afterwards gradually brightening and developing. . . . After the

words, 'Wiederhall sie nach,' the orchestra should have a *tutti*, and so prepare for the great, brilliant, and sublime chorus, 'Drum Preis dir,' which might be lengthened in accordance with the fancy of the composer; the last lines, however, should, as the conclusion of the entire work, be of a peaceful and mild character, avoiding any change in the time or the key." Rochlitz then further protests against the idea that his suggestions should be taken as in any way binding upon the composer; but he seems to have been unaware that music to have any value at all must be wholly spontaneous. It appears that five years earlier he had requested Beethoven to undertake a setting of his poem, but had met with a refusal. Schubert, who was even less amenable to external pressure than Beethoven, likewise declined. Kreissle affects surprise at this, and suggests that the didactic character of the work, or a fear of plagiarising from Haydn's representation of Chaos, may have influenced him. It is more probable that his independent spirit revolted at the notion of writing music to order, for he was not usually very punctilious in his choice of subjects.

The brief and chequered life of Franz Schubert was now drawing to its close. We have followed him through momentary gleams of sunshine and weary years of gloom. We have witnessed his friends labouring more earnestly in his behalf than he was capable of doing himself, and have noted how their noble and unselfish efforts were frequently frustrated, either by public coldness and indifference or because they were misdirected. And, lastly, we have watched the growth

of his genius even to that stage of development which resulted in the production of works, faulty perhaps as regards mere structural elegance and symmetry, but matchless for true poetry and imaginativeness. Now, when the power and beauty of Schubert's music were beginning to be felt outside the limited circle of the Viennese *cognoscenti*, fate stepped in and removed the man whom the world was at that time incapable of appreciating at his full value.

If Schubert had experienced a premonition of his approaching end by some supernatural means, he could not have evinced a stronger determination to accomplish as much as possible during the few months yet remaining to him. This extraordinary concentration of energy may have hastened the decay of his bodily powers; but it proved that the divine fire within him burned more fiercely than ever to the very last, and that death itself was alone capable of quenching it.

In the month of March he finished his grand Symphony in C, a work which is now the wonder and admiration of the musical world. This glorious piece may not possess the tenderness and lyrical beauty of the unfinished Symphony in B Minor, but it far surpasses that lovely fragment in breadth and grandeur of outline; and, despite its extreme length, musicians who are once thoroughly acquainted with it would be loth to sacrifice a single bar. In another respect it occupies a unique position among Schubert's instrumental works. It has frequently been remarked, with justice, that his final movements are generally weaker

than the remainder of the compositions: their length and diffuseness show a sad want of discipline, and the constant reiteration of the same ideas produces a sense of weariness even in the most enthusiastic listener. It is not so in this Ninth Symphony. Here the finale is the crown and glory of the whole work—a movement unequalled for wild surging force and an intensity of energy which in the peroration becomes almost terrific. It is Schubert's apotheosis in music, the most resplendent manifestation of his genius at its zenith. This great work, as soon as completed, was presented to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in return for the testimonial mentioned above. The parts were copied out, and the symphony placed in rehearsal; but its extreme length, elaboration, and difficulty constituted a fatal barrier to its performance, and Schubert recommended them to substitute the earlier and simpler Symphony in C, No. 6. This must have been a great disappointment to him, for he was now fully conscious of his own powers, and declared that *Lieder* were no longer to occupy his thoughts; from henceforth he should devote himself to opera and symphony. Yet he did not live to hear one of his principal orchestral works performed on an adequate scale.

His modest and retiring disposition had withheld him hitherto from ever giving any concerts on his own account; but at length, in response to numerous requests, he gave a private concert at the Musikverein on March 26th. The programme of this interesting event is not extant, but it consisted entirely of his own compositions and the success was so signal and

unqualified that it was at once decided to give another concert at the earliest opportunity. Alas! when next a programme of Schubert's music was performed the composer was cold in his grave. Though he did not live to hear a performance of his last great symphony, he had the gratification of being present at a rendering of his trios by the celebrated Schuppanzigh company of players. The one referred to in the following agreeable letter to Anselm Hüttenbrenner, at Gratz, is the trio in E flat.¹

"DEAREST FRIEND,—You will be astonished at my writing to you. So am I; but if I do write, it is on a purely selfish errand. Now pray listen. The post of drawing-master at the Normal High School at Gratz is I perceive vacant, and candidatures are invited. My brother Carl, whom you may know, would like to obtain the situation. He is a capital landscape painter, and also a good draughtsman. If you could give me some assistance in this matter I should be eternally grateful to you. My brother is a married man with children: to secure a permanent salaried post would be exceedingly agreeable to him. I hope things are going favourably with you, and also with your family and your brothers. Remember me very kindly to them all. Lately a trio of mine for piano, violin, and violoncello was played at Schuppanzigh's, and was very well received. It was splendidly rendered by Bocklet, Schuppanzigh, and Linke. Have you written nothing new? By the by, why don't the two songs appear? Bother it! what a nuisance it is! I reiterate my first request, and please

¹ According to Kreissle. Nottebohm says it was the B flat trio, and that the work in E flat was performed at Schubert's concert by Bocklet, Böhm, and Linke.

bear in mind that any assistance given to my brother I consider as done to me. Hoping for pleasant news from——,

“I remain, until death,

“Your devoted friend,

“FRANZ SCHUBERT.”

This letter testifies to his goodness of heart, and also proves conclusively that his mind was not in the clouded condition which was so painfully apparent four years previously. The two songs mentioned were *Im Walde* and *Auf der Brücke*, which were to be published in Gratz. The letter is dated January 18th, and the songs appeared in May as Op. 90. They were the first compositions of Schubert which appeared out of Vienna. In the same month the E flat trio was issued by Probst of Leipsic; and these were the only practical proofs of recognition of his ability beyond his native city. It will be remembered that Probst wrote, a few months previously, declining the work forwarded to him by Schubert. Shortly afterwards, however, he met the composer in Vienna where his worth was beginning to be appreciated, and consequently he reopened negotiations, asking for something in the way of a “song, romance, or vocal concerted piece.” But Schubert cared for none of these things, and offered the trio in E flat, which Probst accepted, without seeing it, at the price of twenty florins sixty kreutzers; though he stated that “a trio is at best an article to keep up the credit of the firm, and we very seldom make any profit out of it.” The trio was duly forwarded, and

Probst then wrote again asking for the opus number and the dedication, to which Schubert replied in this strangely abrupt and rather uncivil note :—

“SIR,—The number of the trio is 100. I most earnestly beg of you that it may be correctly printed: this I am extremely anxious about. The work will be dedicated to those who know how to appreciate it: that is the most advantageous dedication. With all respect,

“FRANZ SCHUBERT.”

Failing health and irritation caused by continued pecuniary difficulties can alone account for this style of utterance, so at variance with his usual pleasant and genial manner.

Schubert had now brought his powers to a climax in the several departments of *Lieder*, chamber, orchestral, and sacred composition. In the latter his labours were worthily crowned by the Mass in E flat. No reference to this great work is made in the meagre correspondence about this time, and as far as can be ascertained it was not written for any special occasion. Indeed its extreme length is almost fatal to its use in the church service, except on some high and festive occasion of special importance. It is a curious and probably unexampled fact in music for a composer to be most successful in his first and last efforts in any particular branch of his art. But Schubert's early Mass in F is even superior to the latest of its companions in chaste melody, symmetry of proportion, and a true church-like style; and both are greater than the intermediate Masses in G, C, B flat, and A flat.

Notwithstanding his avowed wish to devote his talents to the larger forms of composition, he did not relax his energy in the department of song-writing to the very last. The most important work in this direction was the collection known as the *Schwanengesang*, consisting of seven songs by Rellstab, six by Heine, and one, *Die Taubenpost*, by Seidl. The poems by Rellstab were originally sent by the author to Beethoven, who declined them on the score of illness, but recommended that they should be handed over to Schubert, which was accordingly done after Beethoven's death. The songs of Heine were composed two or three years earlier, according to Baron von Schönstein, and the statement of the publisher that Nos. 1 to 13 were written in August, 1828, may therefore be partially erroneous. But the 14th of these *Lieder*, *Die Taubenpost*, was undoubtedly penned in October of this year, and therefore possesses a melancholy interest as being the last utterance of the most gifted lyrical composer the world has ever seen.

Schubert's last instrumental compositions were the three pianoforte sonatas in C minor, A, and B flat, which were written, according to Nottebohm, in September. The sonata in B flat is dated 26th September, 1828. Here we cannot but note a slight falling off as compared with the sonatas in A minor, Op. 42 and 143, the fantasia in C, and the fantasia-sonata in G. The most regular and well-proportioned of the last three sonatas is that in A. The first and second movements of the one in C minor are very fine, and there are many beauties in the work in B flat, but the first movement is marred by a diffuseness and dreaminess remarkable

even for Schubert. The curious resemblance of the last movement to the corresponding portion of Beethoven's great quartet in B flat, Op. 130, cannot fail to be remarked by musicians. On the whole, and despite much that is original and beautiful in these sonatas, they afford evidence of the enfeebled condition of their author, whose wondrous imagination was beginning to give way under increasing bodily weakness.

It was Schubert's earnest desire to pay another visit this year to Upper Austria, and afterwards stay for a while with his hospitable friends, the Pachlers, at Gratz. One feels a sense of indignation at learning that this design was not carried into execution solely by reason of his impoverished finances. Publication of his smaller pieces went on with tolerable regularity, but the amount of payment was in all instances so pitifully small, that he had scarcely sufficient to meet his daily wants. It is well nigh certain that at no period of his life did his annual income amount to £100 of English money at its present valuation. Although he was forced to abandon his idea of a tour in the mountains of Styria, he still cherished the hope of visiting Gratz, as we learn by the correspondence which passed between Jenger and the Pachlers; for he seems to have anticipated some more liberal remittances as the result of offers from Schott, Brüggemann, and other publishers in distant cities. But this help did not arrive, and on September 25th he wrote to Jenger as follows :—

“I have already given Haslinger the second portion of the *Winterreise*. It is all up with my excursion to Gratz this year, for my monetary, like the weather

prospects, are utterly gloomy and unfavourable. I accept with pleasure the invitation to Dr. Menz, as I should be very glad to hear Baron Schönstein sing. On Saturday afternoon you can meet me at Bogner's Coffee House, Singerstrasse, between four and five o'clock.

"Your friend,

"SCHUBERT."

Still another chance presented itself of escaping for a while from the humdrum life of Vienna. Franz Lachner, Capellmeister of the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, was asked to superintend the production of his opera, *Die Bürgschaft*, at Pesth. He was intimate with Schubert; and Anton Schindler, Beethoven's biographer, who was resident at Pesth, utilised this circumstance to invite Schubert to be present at the production of the opera. His letter proves that he was well acquainted with Schubert's character:—

"We propose," he says, "the following arrangements. You must make up your mind to give a private concert, where your vocal compositions must form the bulk of the programme. People look for a thorough success; and as it is very well known that your shyness and careless habits prevent any large amount of activity and zeal on your part, let me tell you, without hesitation, that every one here will labour cheerfully and enthusiastically to support you, whatever may be the amount of dead weight to be carried. Still you must bring a few letters of introduction from and to your aristocratic friends. Lachner thinks there ought to be one from the Esterhazy family, and so do I. . . . To win safely one hundred florins thus is not a matter to be despised; besides, other advantages may follow in

due time. Well then, up! be alive! don't waste time in thinking about it, and don't say no. None of your excuses, mind! You will be well backed up, and firmly supported. . . . And so, God be with you! We all expect that you will be as pliable as possible, and not prove yourself a stubborn animal. . . ."

This was written on October 11th, and Schubert made no reply; doubtless he felt himself already beyond travelling. Everything occurred to accelerate the fatal issue of his increasing bodily weakness. He suffered much from attacks of giddiness and headache, and by the recommendation of a physician he left Schober's house, where he had lived for some time, to stay with his brother Ferdinand, who had settled in the Wieden suburb, No. 694 Firmian's Gasse. Unfortunately the house was new and damp, and instead of getting better he began at once to get worse. At the beginning of October, however, he rallied considerably, and in company with his brother and two friends took a short excursion of five days to Unter-Waltersdorf and Eisenstadt. But shortly after his return to Vienna his appetite entirely deserted him, and from thenceforward he scarcely tasted solid food. Still he took walking exercise, and on November 3rd went to hear a performance of a Requiem composed by Ferdinand. Next day he called upon the court organist, Sechter, to arrange with him for some lessons in counterpoint. Herein his native diffidence was once more illustrated, for although it cannot be said that he was a great contrapuntist, yet he knew sufficient of the art to write some effective fugal movements—witness the

‘Cum sancto Spiritu’ in the Mass in F, and the ‘Et Vitam venturi’ in that in E flat. A week later he was compelled to take to his bed, feeling, as he said, no actual pain, but excessive weakness and depression. About this time he wrote a last letter to Schober, as follows:—

“DEAR SCHOBER,—I am ill. I have neither eaten nor drunk anything for eleven days, and shift, weak and weary, from my chair to my bed and back again. If I attempt to eat anything it will not stay by me. Will you be so kind as to console me in this desperate condition by the loan of some more books? I have read Cooper’s *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Spy*, *The Pilot*, and *The Pioneers*. If you should have any more of his, I implore you to send them to me, or anything else.

“Your friend,

“SCHUBERT.”

Even now he seems to have entertained no serious apprehensions, for he spent a couple of hours in correcting the proof sheets of the *Winterreise*, and even expressed an earnest wish for a new libretto of an opera. On the 16th there was a consultation of doctors, and it was thought that an attack of typhus fever was at hand. On the evening of the 17th he was quite delirious, but next day he slightly recovered, and asked Ferdinand “What is going to happen to me? What are they doing to me?” His brother and Dr. Behring spoke words of consolation and hope, but Schubert replied slowly and earnestly, “No, no, here is my end.” Later he said in an agonised voice, “I entreat you to carry me to my own room, and don’t leave me in this hole in the earth. What! don’t I deserve a place above

ground?" Ferdinand endeavoured to persuade him that he was lying in his own room, but Franz replied, "No, no, it is not true; Beethoven is not laid here." This was taken as evidence of his desire to rest near Beethoven, and the wish was reverently respected. At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th he passed peacefully away, after an illness which in its serious form had lasted scarcely more than a week.

It cost seventy florins to remove the body to Währing cemetery, and the family could ill afford the expense—as Ferdinand says, "It is a large sum, a very large sum, but very little for the honour of Franz's resting-place." Numbers of his friends came to the house on the 20th and decked his coffin with wreaths and garlands, and a laurel wreath was twisted round his temples. Next day the funeral took place, Schober being chief mourner. The weather was wet, but a large crowd followed the procession from the parish church, where a musical service was performed, to the Währing Churchyard. Here all that was mortal of Franz Schubert was consigned to a grave, only separated by three others from that of Beethoven. Thus the two glorious masters rest side by side in death, and the world has now agreed to regard the younger with scarcely less fervent love and admiration than the elder. The many friends of the deceased master busied themselves with ardour and unanimity to render every possible honour to his memory. On November 27th the Kirchenmusik Verein performed Mozart's Requiem, and on December 23rd a Requiem by Anselm Hüttenbrenner was given at the Augustiner Kirche. There was a general desire to

erect a monument over the grave, and as his father and brothers had exhausted their means in the expenses of the funeral, a chamber concert was given at the Musikverein on January 30th for the purpose. This was so successful that it was repeated, and the net result was a profit of 360 florins, a sum sufficient to meet the expense of the Requiem as well as that of the memorial. The design of the latter was sketched by Schober, and the epitaph was composed by Franz Grillparzer. The sentiment of the opening lines "Here lies buried a rich treasure but yet more glorious hopes," provoked the displeasure of the few who thoroughly comprehended the value of Schubert's art-work, and their feelings are now shared by musicians universally. Schubert was indeed developing new powers when death cut short his creative energy, but the same may be said of Mozart, in a less degree of Mendelssohn, and even of Beethoven himself. On the other hand the labours of Schubert's brief existence have given him a place in music as clear and well defined as that of any of the great masters, and of scarcely less value than the best of them.

Before we proceed to consider the art aspect of Schubert's life, it is necessary to revert for an instant to his personality. We have seen how the coldness and indifference of the world generally towards him was compensated to some extent by the hearty sympathy and love of a few congenial spirits, whose unselfish devotion to his interests must have consoled him for the rebuffs he had to encounter elsewhere. The subtle influence which Schubert exercised over those with whom he was

brought into close contact, was not to be accounted for by any graces of person or manner. Kreissle says that he was under the average height, round backed and shouldered, with plump arms and hands, and short fingers. He had a round and puffy face, low forehead, thick lips, bushy eyebrows, and a short turned-up nose, giving him something of a negro aspect. This description does not coincide with our ideas of one in whom either intellectual or imaginative qualities were strongly developed. Only in animated conversation did his eye light up and show by its fire and brilliancy the splendour of the mind within. Add to this that in society Schubert's manner was awkward, the result of an unconquerable diffidence and bashfulness, when in the presence of strangers. He was even less fitted than Beethoven to shine in the salons of the Viennese aristocracy, for his capacity as an executive musician was more limited. But he was far more companionable among his intimate acquaintances, and perhaps his greatest, and certainly his most frequent pleasure, was to discuss music over a friendly glass in some cosy tavern. It would be entirely unjust to say that he was a drunkard, but he was not over cautious in his potations, and frequently took more than was prudent or consistent with a regard for health. This weakness was purely the result of his fondness for genial society, for he was not a solitary drinker, and invariably devoted the early portion of the day to work. The enormous mass of his compositions sufficiently proves his capacity for hard and unremitting labour, and no diminution of energy was observable to the very last. It is

not easy for us at this distance of time, and with our colder northern temperament, to comprehend the romantic feelings of attachment subsisting between Schubert and some of his friends—feelings which, however, are by no means rare among the impulsive youth of South Germany—but his naïve simplicity, cheerful and eminently sociable disposition, insensibility to envy, and incorruptible modesty, were qualities calculated to transform the respect due to his genius into a strong personal liking. Schubert was in truth a child of nature, one whom to know was to love; for his faults might be summed up into a general incapacity to understand his own interests, and it might be said of him as truly as of any one that he was no man's enemy save his own; thus reversing Shakespeare's words—the good which he did lives after him; the evil was interred with his bones.

The services Schubert rendered to art may best be estimated by imagining for an instant the gap which would be created were his work to be blotted out of existence. In the cursory observations on his compositions in these pages, less prominence has been given to his Lieder than to his works in other departments of musical art. This has been done with design, for although, happily, it is no longer the custom to consider Schubert exclusively or principally as a song writer, yet the extent and value of his larger works are still very imperfectly recognised, and much splendid music has still to be brought to light. But when all has been said, it is as the monarch of the Lied that Schubert's greatness and individuality shine forth

most distinctly. This is not the place to enter upon a lengthy disquisition on the characteristics of the German Lied, interesting as such inquiry might be. In its stores of national, or more properly speaking, folk, music, Germany is richer than any other nation; but various causes had combined to produce a period of depression, and in South Germany the influence of Italian opera had for a while crushed the Lied as a form of art. The genius of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven struggled not altogether effectually against this anti-national feeling, but a reaction had already commenced, and Schubert flourished precisely at the right moment to take advantage of the treasures of modern German poetry, created by Goethe, Heine, and others in whom the true Teutonic fire burst forth with more or less splendour. It has been said by one who wrote enthusiastically of Schubert, that he would gradually have set the whole of German literature to music had he lived long enough. He had but to read a poem once or twice, and its most appropriate expression by means of music came to him readily and without further mental effort. It was of course impossible for him to evoke beautiful ideas from worthless verse, and among his 600 songs we find side by side with some of supreme loveliness others of scarcely any value. This arises from the fact that he was perfectly indifferent as to his materials, his fertile imagination constantly hungering to link itself with some shape or form, whether beautiful or commonplace. It is in the "Durchcomponirtes" Lied as contrasted with the strophic Lied that his genius was most fully displayed.

Our English ballad is a tolerably near equivalent of the latter, but in the former each line of the poem suggests its own musical illustration, though without any intrusion of recitative or sacrifice of rhythm. An extensive volume might be written on Schubert's Lieder, and the best evidence of their power lies in the influence they have had on later composers who have worked in the same direction. Mendelssohn's songs, despite their melodic and purely lyrical beauty, are somewhat lacking in depth, but Schumann understood thoroughly the poetic significance of the Lied. Among living musicians Robert Franz—a composer too little recognised in this country—has laboured most effectively in this domain, and some of Brahms's Lieder are unexceptionable in every sense. If in other branches of composition Schubert did not succeed in founding a school, he made his mark which thoughtful musicians cannot fail to recognise. His use of the orchestra is tinged with a decided individuality, more especially in his treatment of the wind. The delicious writing for the wood in the *andante con moto* of the Unfinished Symphony will recur to the minds of musicians, and the colouring produced by *piano* harmonies of the brass in some of his works is altogether novel. This feeling for the tender and melancholy in orchestration must have been intuitive, as he had no opportunity of testing his effects in his later and nobler works.

The beauty and poetry of the last quartets, trios, and pianoforte sonatas have never been equalled, much less surpassed, and the "heavenly length," want of proportion and diffuseness of some of the movements, cease,

after due familiarity, to detract from the charm, particularly as certain of the more prominent composers of the present day are prone to indulge in these faults to even greater excess.

It has already been pointed out that Schubert comparatively failed in operatic composition, partly as a consequence of his own peculiar idiosyncracies, and partly because he was singularly unfortunate in the subjects given him to set. We cannot advise the revival of his lyric dramas on the stage, but the scores of these works should be published, especially *Alfonso and Estrella* and *Fierabras*, as they doubtless contain many gems which would prove most attractive in the concert room.

In the realm of church music Schubert was far more successful. The Masses in F, G, and E flat are superior in refinement and true religious style to any of Haydn or Mozart, the Requiem of the latter excepted; and may worthily take rank with Beethoven's setting of the sacred office in C. Schubert's Mass in F, composed at the age of seventeen, is as remarkable an evidence of early genius as any of the better known works of Mendelssohn's boyhood.

It may be said of Schubert more truly than of any other composer, that his history had in one sense only commenced when he ceased to exist. His comparatively sudden and unlooked-for death caused an outburst of grief among those who knew him best, and the various means taken to express this feeling have been here recorded. But these demonstrations were no more than are frequently paid to musicians who have acquired

some local fame, and whom admirers and friends would fain persuade the world to accept as men of genius. A large number of compositions were disposed of by the relatives to Diabelli, and publication proceeded steadily for some five or six years; but after 1830 the stream consisted chiefly of songs and other vocal works, and then it almost dried up. The Lieder penetrated to France, where they became exceedingly popular, and from thence a few examples made their way to England. There seemed now a probability that Schubert's fame would rest entirely upon his songs, but the mantle of genius had meanwhile descended upon two musicians who were speedily led by instinct to inquire more particularly into a noble heritage left uncared for and contemned.

In 1838 Schumann visited Vienna, and took the opportunity to examine the stores of music in the possession of Ferdinand Schubert. Among these was the score of the great Symphony in C, which Schuman persuaded Ferdinand to send to Leipsic. Mendelssohn, who was conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at the time, was enchanted with the work, and it was performed for the first time on March 22nd, 1839. The Leipsic public, far more intelligent than that of Vienna, at once recognised its worth, and it soon became a stock favourite. Yet in spite of this the symphony was not heard in Vienna until 1850, when it met with a cold reception. Truly a prophet has no honour in his own country. In 1844 Mendelssohn brought the work to London, with a view of introducing it at the Philharmonic Concerts. But at the rehearsal the members of the band made

such wry faces, and the few listeners expressed such unfavourable opinions, that he withdrew it angrily, together with his own overture to *Ruy Blas*. Thanks to the enthusiastic advocacy of Schumann and Mendelssohn his works gradually became known on the Continent, but his proper position in England dates from the establishment of the Monday Popular and Crystal Palace Concerts. Owing in the first instance to the unceasing efforts of Mr. George Grove it may be said that nowhere did the music of Schubert meet with more appreciation than by the English public, when it had once been properly placed before them. It was even said a few years since that there was now greater danger of Schubert being over- than under-estimated. That can scarcely be the case. Clearness of outline, conciseness, and formal beauty are excellent things in musical works, but an exquisite fancy, a noble imagination, and a lofty poetical spirit are of infinitely greater account; and no one ever possessed these inestimable gifts in richer profusion than Franz Schubert.

Since the foregoing lines were written, George Grove and his able coadjutor Augustus Marnes (at the Crystal Palace) were both knighted, and, the editor regrets to add, have since passed away. F. B.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF SCHUBERT'S WORKS.

THE date after each composition refers to the year of publication. When no date is given the work remains in manuscript. The songs marked N.D. were published between 1830 and 1850 in a series of fifty numbers, entitled "Nachgelassene Musikalische Dichtungen."

1810

Corpse Fantasia for Piano, four hands
Variations for Piano

1811

Quintet-overture
Quartet
Fantasia for Piano
Gratulation Cantata

SONGS.

Hagar's Klage
Der Vaternörder

1812

Overture in D
Quartets in B flat and C
Quartet Overture in B flat
Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello
Andante and Variations in E flat
Twelve Minuets
Salve Regina and Kyrie

SONG.

Klagelied, Rochlitz (1830, Op. 131, No. 3)

1813

Three Minuets for Orchestra
 Ottet for Wind Instruments
 First Symphony in D
 Quartets in C, B flat, E flat, and D
 Fantasia for Piano, Fugue for ditto
 Thirty Minuets with Trios
 Birthday Cantata
 Trinklied for Tenor, with Chorus (N.D. 45, No. 2)
 Trinklied, Herder, for Tenor, with Chorus (1830, Op. 131, No. 2)
 Twelve Trios and Canons, from Schiller's *Elysium*
 Schwertlied with Chorus, Körner

SONGS.

Sehnsucht, Schiller, first setting (1868)
Elysium, Schiller (N.D. 6)
 Verklärung, Pope (N.D. 17, No. 4)
 Thekla, Schiller (1868)
 Der Taucher, Schiller (N.D. 12)
 Der Mondabend, Erwin (1830, Op. 131, No. 1)
 Scene im Dom, from *Faust* (first setting)
 Todtengräberlied, Hölty
 Die Schatten, Matthisson
 Sehnsucht, Goethe "Was zieht mir" (first setting)
 Italian Aria

1814

Quartet in B flat (1865, Op. 168)
 Ditto in D (1871)
 Ditto in C minor
 Six Waltzes and Minuet for Strings and Horn
 Sonata in C minor, four hands, unfinished (1871)
 Mass in F (1856)
 Salve Regina, for Tenor and Orchestra
 First Offertorium, for Soprano or Tenor with Orchestra and Organ
 (1826, Op. 46)
 Des Teufels Lustschloss, Opera (commenced in 1813)
 Scene im Dom, from *Faust* (second setting, N.D. 20, No. 2)

SONGS.

Der Sieg, Mayrhofer (N.D. 22, No. 1)
 Die Betende, Matthisson (N.D. 31, No. 1)
 An Emma, Schiller (1826, Op. 58, No. 2)
 Edone, Klopstock (N.D. 28, No. 4)

Romanze, Matthisson (1868)
 An Laura, ditto (N.D. 31, No. 3)
 Der Geistertanz, ditto (N.D. 31, No. 2)
 Ammenlied, Maria Luby (1872)
 Todtenopfer, Matthisson
 Andenken, ditto
 Geisternähe, ditto
 Der Abend, ditto
 Lied der Liebe, ditto
 Lied aus der Ferne, ditto
 Erinnerungen, ditto
 Trost an Elisa, ditto
 Das Mädchen aus der Fremde, Schiller (first setting)
 Am See, Mayrhofer
 Auf den Sieg der Deutschen
 Die Erscheinung, Kosegarten

1815

Symphony in B flat, No. 2
 Ditto in D, No. 3
 Quartet in G minor (1871)
 Sonatas in F and C
 Adagio for Piano in G, Ten Variations, Twelve Waltzes, Schottisches
 Mass in G (1846)
 Mass in B flat (1838, Op. 141)
 Second Dona Nobis for the Mass in F
 Hymne an den Unendlichen (1829, Op. 112, No. 3)
 First Stabat Mater, in G minor, for Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ
 Magnificat
 Second Offertorium, for Soprano Solo, Orchestra, and Organ (1826, Op. 47)
 Der vierjährige Posten, Operetta in One Act by Körner
 Fernando, Vaudeville in one Act, by Albert Stadler
 Claudine von Villabella, Operetta in Three Acts, by Goethe
 Die beiden Freunde von Salamanka, Operetta in Two Acts, by Mayrhofer
 Der Spiegelritter, Opera in three Acts, by Kotzebue (fragment)
 Der Minnesänger, Vaudeville (lost)
 Adrast, Opera by Mayrhofer (fragment)
 Mailied, Hölty, for Two Voices and Two Horns
 Ditto ditto (other text)
 Der Morgenstern, Körner, ditto, ditto
 Jägerlied, Körner, for Two Voices and Two Horns

Das Abendroth, Kosegarten, for Three Voices
 Das Leben, J. W. L. Gleim, ditto
 Punschlied, Schiller, ditto
 Trinklied, for Four Voices (1872)
 Das Grab, Salis, for Four Male Voices
 Klage von Aly Bey, Claudius, for Three Voices (N.D. 45, No. 3)
 Das Leben von Wannovius, for Three Voices (N.D. 44, No. 4)
 Graduale for Four Voices, Orchestra, and Organ (1843, Op. 150)
 Lied vor der Schlacht, Körner, for Two Choirs
 An den Frühling, for Male Voices
 Das Abendroth, for Three Voices
 Trinklied in Mai, Hölty, for Two Sopranos and Bass
 Lützow's wilde Jagd, Körner, for Two Voices and Two Horns
 Bergknappenlied, for Chorus (1872)
 Rundgesang, with Chorus, Zettler

SONGS.

Auf einem Kirchnof, Schlechta (N.D. 49, No. 2),
 Als ich sie erröthen sah, Ehrlich (N.D. 39, No. 1)
 Das Bild, Kosegarten (1864, Op. 165, No. 3)
 Die Erwartung, Schiller (1829, Op. 116)
 Nähe des Geliebten, Goethe (1821, Op. 5, No. 2)
 An Mignon, ditto (1823, Op. 19, No. 2)
 Wonne der Wehmuth, ditto (1829, Op. 115, No. 2)
 Das war ich, Körner (N.D. 39, No. 2)
 Vergebliche Liebe, Bernard (1867, Op. 173, No. 3)
 Die erste Liebe, Fellingner (N.D. 35, No. 1)
 Amalia, Schiller (1867, Op. 173, No. 1)
 An die Nachtigall, Hölty (1866, Op. 172, No. 3)
 An die Apfelbäume, ditto (N.D. 50, No. 1)
 Clärchens Lied, Goethe (N.D. 30, No. 2)
 Der Traum, Hölty (1866, Op. 172, No. 1)
 Die Laube, ditto (1866, Op. 172, No. 2)
 Meeresstille, Goethe (1821, Op. 3, No. 2)
 Das Finden, Kosegarten (N.D. 42, No. 2)
 Colma's Klage, Ossian (N.D. 2, No. 2)
 Loda's Gespenst, ditto (N.D. 3)
 Shilrik und Vinvela, ditto (N.D. 4, No. 1)
 Lied nach dem Falle Nathos, ditto (N.D. 4, No. 2)
 Das Mädchen von Inistore, ditto (N.D. 4, No. 3)
 Erster Verlust, Goethe (1821, Op. 5, No. 4)
 Die Täuschung, Kosegarten (1864, Op. 165, No. 4)
 Erinnerung, ditto (1823, Op. 108, No. 3)
 Das Sehnen ditto (1866, Op. 172, No. 4)

- Dem Unendlichen, Klopstock (N.D. 10, No. 1)
 Das Geheimniss, Schiller (first setting), 1872
 Cora an die Sonne, Baumberg (N.D. 42, No. 3)
 Der Morgenkuss, ditto (N.D. 45, No. 4)
 Die Mutter Erde, Stolberg (N.D. 29, No. 2)
 An den Frühling, Schiller (1866, Op. 172, No. 5)
 Selma und Selmar, Klopstock (N.D. 28, No. 2)
 Der Jüngling an der Quelle (N.D. 36, No. 1)
 Lambertine, Mayrhofer (N.D. 36, No. 2)
 Mignon's Gesang, Goethe (N.D. 20, No. 3)
 Haidenröslein, ditto (1821, Op. 3, No. 3)
 Rastlose Liebe, ditto (1821, Op. 5, No. 1)
 Trost in Thränen, ditto (N.D. 25, No. 3)
 An den Mond, ditto (N.D. 47, No. 5)
 Another setting (1868)
 Nachtgesang, ditto (N.D. 47, No. 4)
 Der Rattenfänger, ditto (N.D. 47, No. 3)
 Der Goldschmiedegesell, ditto (N.D. 48, No. 6)
 Die Spinnerin, ditto (1829, Op. 118, No. 6)
 Tischlied, ditto (1829, Op. 118, No. 3)
 Hector's Abschied, Schiller (1826, Op. 58, No. 1)
 Die Hoffnung, ditto (1828, Op. 87, No. 2)
 Der Jüngling am Bach, ditto (1828, Op. 87, No. 3)
 An die Freude, ditto (1829, Op. 111, No. 1)
 Die Bürgschaft, ditto (N.D. 8)
 Hermann und Thusnelda, Klopstock (N.D. 28, No. 1)
 Das Rosenband, ditto (N.D. 28, No. 3)
 Die frühen Gräber, ditto (N.D. 28, No. 5)
 Adelaide, Matthiesson (N.D. 42, No. 5)
 Grablied, Kenner (N.D. 42, No. 4)
 Der Liedler, ditto (1825, Op. 38)
 Geist der Liebe, Kosegarten (1829, Op. 118, No. 1)
 Der Abend, Hölty (1829, Op. 118, No. 2)
 An den Mond, ditto (1826, Op. 57, No. 3)
 Wanderers Nachtlid, Goethe (1821, Op. 4, No. 3)
 Lob des Tokayers, Baumberg (1829, Op. 118, No. 4)
 Ihr Grab (N.D. 36, No. 3)
 Tischlied, Goethe (N.D. 48, No. 7)
 Sehnsucht, ditto "Was zieht mir" (second setting) (N.D. 37;
 No. 2)
 An die Sonne, Körner (1829, Op. 118, No. 5)
 Sängers Morgenlied, ditto (1872)
 Liebesrauch, ditto (1872)
 Die Sterne, Fellingner (1872)
 Liebeständelei, Körner (1872)

Abends unter der Linde, Kosegarten (second setting) (1872)
 Die Hoffnung, Schiller (1872)
 An die Sonne (1872)
 Das gestörte Glück, Körner (1872)
 Wer kauft Liebesgötter, Goethe (N.D. 47, No. 2)
 Hoffnung, Goethe (1872)
 Morgenlied, Claudius
 Abendlied, ditto
 Minona, Bertrand
 Am Flusse, Goethe (first setting)
 Amphiaros, Körner
 Der Liebende, Hölty
 Der Seufzer, ditto
 Adelwald und Emma, Bertrand
 Die Nonne, Hölty
 Lieb' Minna, Stadler
 Ida's Nachtgesang, Kosegarten
 Die Mondnacht, ditto
 Huldigung, ditto
 Alles um Liebe, ditto
 Abends unter der Linde, ditto (first setting)
 Sehnsucht der Liebe, Körner
 Das Mädchen aus der Fremde, Schiller
 Punschlied im Norden zu singen, ditto
 Der Schatzgräber, Goethe
 Abendständchen an Lina
 Morgenlied
 Todtenkranz für ein Kind, Matthiesson
 Lila an die Morgenröthe
 Der Weiberfreund
 Abendlied
 Fröhlichkeit
 An Sie, Klopstock
 Die Sommernacht, ditto
 Vaterlandslied, ditto
 Labetrunk der Liebe
 An die Geliebte, Stolberg
 Wiegenlied, Körner
 Die Sternenwelten, Fellingner
 Gruss an den Mai, Erwin
 Skolie, Deinhardstein
 Die Macht der Liebe, Walchberg
 Von Ida, Kosegarten
 Die Sterne, ditto
 An Rosa, Kosegarten (two songs)

Louisens Antwort, ditto
 Iden's Schwanenlied, ditto
 Schwanengesang, ditto
 Der Zufriedene
 Liane, Mayrhofer
 Klage der Ceres, Schiller
 Leiden der Trennung, Collin
 Der Gott und die Bajadere, Goethe (fragment)
 Rosa von Montanvert, Matthisson
 Klage der Ceres, Schiller
 Die Schlacht, ditto

1816

Symphony in C minor, tragic (1870, for Piano, four hands)
 Symphony in B flat (1870, for Piano, four hands)
 Overture in B flat
 Concertstück for Violin and Orchestra, in D
 Quartet in F
 Adagio and Rondeau, Piano Quartet, in F
 Sonata in G minor, for Piano and Violin (1836, Op. 137, No. 3)
 Two Marches in E and B minor, for Piano
 Twelve Waltzes with Coda
 Six Schottisches
 Sonata in F (fragment)
 Second Stabat Mater in F minor, with German Text, for Four
 Voices and Small Orchestra
 Magnificat in C, for Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra
 Duet, Auguste jam Cœlestium, with Orchestral Accompaniment
 Requiem (fragment)
 Klopstock's Hallelujah, for Three Female Voices (N.D. 41)
 Salieri's Jubilee Cantata
 Prometheus, Cantata
 Cantata, written in honour of Josef Spendou (1830, Op. 128)
 Die Bürgschaft, Opera in Three Acts (fragment)
 Chorus for Male Voices, Gütigster Bester
 Canon for Three Voices, Unser aller Grosspapa
 Aria, So gut als Weisheit
 Salve Regina, for Four Voices, in F (1859)
 Naturgenuss, Matthisson, for Four Male Voices (1823, Op. 16, No. 1)
 Frühlingslied, Schober, ditto (1823, Op. 16, No. 2)
 Chorus of Angels from Faust (1839)
 Trinklied, for Tenor Solo and Male Chorus (1844)
 Trinklied, Hölty, for Three Male Voices
 An die Sonne, for Mixed Choir

Geistertanz, Matthisson, Male Voice Quartet (1871)
 Schlachtgesang, Klopstock, for Three-Part Male Chorus
 Erinnerungen, for Three Voices, Matthisson
 Andenken, ditto, ditto

SONGS.

Cronnan, Ossian (N.D. 2, No. 1)
 Erbkönig, Goethe (1821, Op. 1)
 Der Tod Oscars, Ossian (N.D. 5)
 Der Sänger, Goethe (1829, Op. 117)
 Ritter Toggenburg, Schiller (N.D. 19, No. 2)
 Des Mädchens Klage, ditto (second setting), (third setting, 1826,
 Op. 58, No. 3)
 Geistergruss, Goethe (second setting, 1828, Op. 92, No. 3), (first
 setting, 1868)
 Sprache der Liebe, Schlegel (1829, Op. 115, No. 3)
 Stimme der Liebe, Stolberg (N.D. 29, No. 1)
 Klage, Hölty (N.D. 48, No. 3)
 Erntelied, ditto (N.D. 48, No. 2)
 Der Leidende, ditto (N.D. 50, No. 2)
 Fragment from Æschylus (N.D. 14, No. 2)
 The Harper's Songs from Wilhelm Meister (1822, Op. 12, Nos.
 1, 2, and 3)
 Liedesend, Mayrhofer (N.D. 23, No. 2)
 Der Wanderer, Georg Schmid (Op. 4, No. 1, 1821)
 Zum Punsch, Mayrhofer (N.D. 44, No. 3)
 Abendlied der Fürstin, ditto (1868)
 Lied eines Schiffers, ditto (1826, Op. 65, No. 1)
 Morgenlied, Werner (1821, Op. 4, No. 2)
 Am Bach im Frühling, Claudius (1829, Op. 109, No. 1)
 Genugsamkeit, ditto (1829, Op. 109, No. 2)
 An eine Quelle, ditto (1829, Op. 109, No. 3)
 An die Nachtigall, ditto (1829, Op. 98, No. 1)
 Wiegenlied, ditto (1829, Op. 98, No. 2)
 Orpheus, Jacobi (N.D. 19, No. 1)
 Lebensmelodien, Schlegel (1829, Op. 111, No. 2)
 Die vier Weltalter, Schiller (1829, Op. 111, No. 3)
 Mignon, Goethe (1827, Op. 62, No. 4)
 Der Fischer, ditto (1821, Op. 5, No. 3)
 Der König in Thule, ditto (1821, Op. 5, No. 5)
 Jäger's Abendlied, ditto (1821, Op. 3, No. 4)
 Schäfer's Klage, Goethe (1821, Op. 3, No. 1)
 Die Gestirne, Klopstock (N.D. 10, No. 2)
 Litanei auf das Fest aller Seelen, Jacobi (N.D. 10, No. 5)
 Klage, Hölty (1872)

Das Grab, Salis (1872)
 Die verfehlte Stunde, Schlegel (1872)
 Der gute Hirt, Mayrhofer (1872)
 Lied from Diego Manazares (1872)
 Grablied auf einen Soldaten (1872)
 Die Perle (1872)
 Sehnsucht, Goethe (another setting) (1872)
 Leiden der Trennung, Collin (1872)
 Der Flüchtling, Schiller (1872)
 Herbstlied, Salis (1872)
 Geheimniss, Schiller, (second setting) (1872)
 Alinde, Rochlitz (1827, Op. 81, No. 1)
 An die Laute, ditto (1827, Op. 81, No. 2)
 Zur guten Nacht, ditto (1827, Op. 81, No. 3)
 Lebenslied, Matthisson (N.D. 38)
 In's stille Land, Salis (N.D. 39, No. 3)
 Die Nacht, Uz (N.D. 44, No. 2)
 Rückweg, Mayrhofer (1872)
 An die Natur, Stolberg
 Laura am Clavier, Schiller
 Pflügerlied, Salis
 Abschied von der Harfe, ditto
 Herbstnacht, ditto
 An die Harmonie, ditto
 Die Wehmuth, ditto
 Julius von Theone, Matthisson
 Entzückung, ditto
 Stimme der Liebe, ditto (two settings)
 Die frühe Liebe, Hölty
 Blumenlied, ditto
 Seligkeit, ditto
 Minnelied, ditto
 Klage, ditto
 Gott im Frühling, Uz
 Die Liebesgötter, ditto
 An den Schlaf, ditto
 Das Heimweh, Hell
 Freude der Kinderjahre
 Bundeslied, Goethe
 In der Mitternacht, Jacobi
 Trauer der Liebe
 Alte Liebe rostet nie, Mayrhofer
 Abschied
 Ferne von der grossen Stadt, Pichler
 Abschied, Mayrhofer

Der Sänger am Felsen, Pichler
 Der Hirt, Mayrhofer
 Geheimniss, ditto
 Fidite, Claudius
 Abendlied, ditto
 Zufriedenheit, ditto
 Am Grabe meines Vaters, ditto
 Skolie, Matthisson
 An Chloë, Jacobi
 Der Herbstabend
 Die Sterbende, Kosegarten
 Daphne am Bach

1817

Overture in the Italian style in D (1872, Piano, four hands)
 Ditto in C (1866, Op. 170)
 String Trio in B flat
 Sonatas for Piano and Violin in D and A (1836, Op. 137, Nos.
 1 and 2)
 Sonata for Piano and Violin in A (1852, Op. 162)
 Polonaises for Violin
 Variations in A for ditto
 Sonata for Piano in E flat (1830, Op. 122)
 Ditto in B (1843, Op. 147)
 Ditto in A minor (1854, Op. 164)
 Sonatas in A flat, F minor, and E minor (unfinished)
 Twelve Waltzes and Five Schottische (1871)
 Two Scherzi (1871)
 Thirteen Variations on a Theme by Hüttenbrenner (1867)
 Adagio and Rondo in E (1843, Op. 145)
 Lied im Freien, Salis, for Male Quartet (1872)
 Gesang der Geister über den Wassern, Goethe, for Four Male
 Voices

SONGS.

Tiefes Lied, Schulze (N.D. 30, No. 1)
 Fahrt zum Hades, Mayrhofer (N.D. 18, No. 3)
 Frohsinn (N.D. 45, No. 1)
 Der Vater mit dem Kinde, Bauernfeld (N.D. 17, No. 2)
 Die Nacht, Ossian (N.D. 1)
 Memnon, Mayrhofer (1821, Op. 6, No. 1)
 Antigone und Œdip, ditto (1821, Op. 6, No. 2)
 Ganymed, Goethe (1823, Op. 19, No. 2)
 An Schwager Kronos, ditto (1823, Op. 19, No. 1)
 Philoctet, Mayrhofer (N.D. 11, No. 3)

- Am See, Bruchmann (N.D. 9, No. 2)
 Pax vobiscum, Schober (N.D. 10, No. 6)
 Hänflings Liebeswerben, Kind (1823, Op. 20, No. 3)
 Die Einsiedelei, Salis (second setting) (N.D. 38, No. 1)
 Iphigenia, Mayrhofer (1829, Op. 98, No. 3)
 Abschied, F. Schubert (N.D. 29, No. 4)
 Erlafsee, Mayrhofer (1822, Op. 8, No. 3)
 Am Strome, ditto (1822, Op. 8, No. 4)
 Am Grabe Anselmo's, Claudius (1821, Op. 6, No. 3)
 Gretchens Bitte, Goethe (Fragment) (N.D. 29, No. 3)
 Auf dem See, ditto (1828, Op. 92, No. 2) (second setting)
 Der Pilgrim, Schiller (1825, Op. 37, No. 1)
 Der Alpenjäger, ditto (1825, Op. 37, No. 2)
 An die Musik, Schober (1827, Op. 88, No. 4)
 Thekla, Schiller (second setting) (1827, Op. 88, No. 2)
 Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, ditto (1823, Op. 24, No. 1)
 Der Kampf, ditto (1829, Op. 110)
 Schlummerlied, Mayrhofer (1823, Op. 24, No. 2)
 Auf der Donau, ditto (1823, Op. 21, No. 1)
 Der Schiffer, ditto (1823, Op. 21, No. 2)
 Wie Ulfru fischt, ditto (1823, Op. 21, No. 3)
 Der Alpenjäger, ditto (1822, Op. 13, No. 3)
 Der Schäfer und der Reiter, Baron de la Motte Fouqué (1822,
 Op. 13, No. 1)
 Der Jungling und der Tod, Spaun (1872)
 Nach einem Gewitter, Mayrhofer (1872)
 La Pastorella, Goldoni (1872)
 Trost im Liede, Schober (1828)
 An die untergehende Sonne, Kosegarten (1826, Op. 44)
 Jagdlied, Werner
 Die Liebe, Leon
 Uranias Flucht, Mayrhofer
 Fischerlied, Salis
 Die Entzückung an Laura, Schiller (Fragment)
 Lied eines Kindes (Fragment)
 Furcht der Geliebten, Klopstock
 Trost, "Nimmer lange weil ich"
 Aria, "Vedi quanto adoro"
 Bruder, schrecklich brennt die Thräne

1818

Sixth Symphony in C
 Adagio for Piano, in E (1871)

Fantasia in C (unfinished)

Marches and Waltzes

Mass in C (1826, Op. 48)

Wer Lebenslust fühlet, Quartet (1872)

Punschlied im Norden zu singen, Schiller, for two and three voices.

SONGS.

Die Forelle, Schubart (1825, Op. 32)

Auf der Riesenkoppe (N.D. 49, No. 1)

An den Mond in einer Herbstnacht, Schreiber (N.D. 18, No. 2)

Grablied für die Mutter (N.D. 30, No. 3)

Das Marienbild, Schreiber (N.D. 10, No. 3)

Der Blumenbrief, ditto (N.D. No. 1)

Der Einsame, Mayrhofer (N.D. 32)

Blondel zu Marien (N.D. 34, No. 2)

Das Abendroth, Schreiber (1867, Op. 173, No. 6)

Vom Mitleiden Mariä, Schlegel (N.D. 10, No. 4)

Singübungen

Three Sonnets from Petrarch, Schlegel

Blanca, Schlegel

1819

Quintet for Piano and Strings in A (1829, Op. 114)

Overture in F for Piano, four hands (1825, Op. 34)

Vogel's Birthday Cantata (published as Der Frühlingsmorgen, 1849, Op. 158)

Salve Regina in A (1843, Op. 153)

Die Zwillinge, Operetta in One Act (1872)

Das Dörfchen, Bürger; for Four Male Voices (1822, Op. 11, No. 1)

Sehnsucht, Goethe; for Five Male Voices (1867)

"Ruhe, schönstes Glück der Erde;" for Four Male Voices (1871)

Im traulichen Kreise; for Four Mixed Voices

SONGS.

Abendbilder, Claudius (N.D. 9, No. 3)

Bertha's Lied in der Nacht, Grillparzer (N.D. 40, No. 2)

Das Mädchen, Kenner (N.D. 40, No. 1)

Gebet während der Schlacht, Körner (N.D. 10, No. 7)

Himmelsfunken, Silbert (N.D. 10, No. 8)

Der Wanderer, Schlegel (1826, Op. 65, No. 2)

An die Freunde, Mayrhofer (N.D. 40, No. 3)

Prometheus, Goethe (N.D. 47, No. 1)

Die Liebende schreibt, Goethe (1864, Op. 165, No. 1)
 Beim Winde, Mayrhofer (N.D. 22, No. 3)
 Atys, Mayrhofer (N.D. 22, No. 2)
 Nachtstück, Mayrhofer, (1825, Op. 36, No. 2)
 Trost, Mayrhofer (N.D. 44, No. 1)
 Die Sternennächte, Mayrhofer (1864, Op. 165, No. 2)
 Four Hymns, Novalis (1872)
 Die Gebüsche, Schlegel
 Der Knabe in der Wiege, Ottenwald

1820

Quartet in C minor (first movement), (1868)
 Fantasia for Piano, in C (1823, Op. 15)
 Waltzes, Schottisches, &c.
 Cantata, Lazarus, Niemeyer (unfinished) (1866)
 Twenty-third Psalm, for Female Voices (1831, Op. 132)
 Antiphon for Palm Sunday, for Mixed Voices (1829, Op. 113)
 Die Zauberharfe, Melodrama with Songs and Choruses
 Sakuntala, Opera in Three Acts, J. F. Neumann (Sketch)

SONGS.

Versunken, Goethe (N.D. 38, No. 3)
 Der Schiffer, Schlegel (N.D. 33, No. 1)
 Liebeslauschen, Schlechta (N.D. 15, No. 2)
 Der Jüngling auf dem Hügel, H. Hüttenbrenner (1823, Op. 8, No. 1)
 Im Walde, Schlegel (N.D. 16)
 Abendröthe, ditto (N.D. 7, No. 3)
 Die Sterne, ditto (N.D. 48, No. 1)
 Orest auf Tauris, Mayrhofer (N.D. 11, No. 1)
 Der entsühnte Orest, ditto (N.D. 11, No. 2)
 Freiwilliges Versinken, ditto (N.D. 11, No. 4)
 Gretchen am Spinnrade, Goethe (1821, Op. 2)
 Die Vögel, Schlegel (1866, Op. 172, No. 6)
 Five Canti, Vincenzo Monti (1871)
 Nachthymne, Novalis (1872)
 Der Knabe (1872)
 Der Fluss, Schlegel (1873)

1821

Symphony in E (Sketch)
 Eight Variations on a French air (1821, Op. 10)
 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli (1823)
 Waltzes, Schottische, and Ländler

Gesang der Geister über den Wassern, Goethe ; for Eight Male Voices, and stringed accompaniment
 Aria for Tenor, and Comic Duet, for Herold's opera "La Clochette"
 Die Nachtigall, Unger ; for Male Quartet (1822, Op. 11, No. 2)

SONGS.

Die gefangenen Sänger, Schlegel (N.D. 33, No. 2)
 Die Sehnsucht, Schiller (second setting) (1826, Op. 39)
 Grenzen der Menschheit, Goethe (N.D. 14, No. 1)
 Geheimes, ditto (1822, Op. 14, No. 2)
 Lob der Thränen, Schlegel (1822, Op. 13, No. 2)
 Suleika, Goethe, 1, "Was bedeutet die Bewegung" (1822, Op. 14).
 do. do. 2, "Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen" (1825, Op. 31)
 Sei mir gegrüsst, Rückert (1823, Op. 20, No. 1)
 Der Unglückliche, C. Pichler (1828, Op. 87, No. 1)
 Der Blumen Schmerz, Maylath (1867, Op. 173, No. 4)
 Lied der Mignon, Goethe (second setting) (1870)
 Mahomet's Gesang, Goethe

1822

Unfinished Symphony in B minor (1867)
 Mass in A flat (commenced in 1819) (1875)
 Gott in der Natur, Uz, for Female Voices (1838, Op. 133)
 Tantum ergo in C, for Chorus, Orchestra and Organ (1826, Op. 45,
 Alfonso and Estrella, Opera in Three Acts, Schober (commenced
 in 1821) (1832, Cavatine for Tenor and Aria for Bass, Op. 69)
 Volkslied, Deinhardstein ; for Chorus and Orchestra (1848, as
 Constitutionslied, Op. 157)
 Des Tages Weihe, Hymn for Chorus and Piano (1843, Op. 146)
 Geist der Liebe, Matthiesson ; for Four Male Voices (1822, Op. 11,
 No. 3)

SONGS.

Epistel, Collin (N.D. 46)
 Schwestergruss, Bruchmann (N.D. 23, No. 1)
 Heliopolis, Mayrhofer (1826, Op. 65, No. 3)
 Seelige Welt, G. Senn (1823, Op. 23, No. 2)
 Schwanengesang, ditto (1823, Op. 23, No. 3)
 Der Liebe hat gelogen, Platen (1823, Op. 23, No. 1)
 Willkommen und Abschied, Goethe (1826, Op. 56, No. 1)
 Der Musensohn, ditto (1828, Op. 92, No. 1)
 Der Knabe in der Wiege, Ottenwalddt (1872)
 Schatzgräbers Begehr, Schober (1823, Op. 23, No. 4)
 Tcdesmusik, Schober (1828, Op. 108, No. 2)

Die Rose, Schlegel (1827, Op. 73)
 Der Wachtelschlag (1827, Op. 68)
 An die Entfernte, Goethe (1868)
 Nachtviolen, Mayrhofer (1872)
 Am Flusse, Goethe (second setting) (1872)
 Greisengesang, Rückert (1826, Op. 60, No. 1)
 Frühlingsglaube, Uhland (1823, Op. 20, No. 2)

1823

Overture to Alfonso and Estrella (1827, Op. 52, for Piano, four hands, 1867, in score)
 Sonata in A minor (1839, Op. 143)
 Twelve Waltzes (1864, Op. 171); Schottische
 Die Verschwornen, or Der häusliche Krieg, Operetta in One Act by J. Castelli (1862)
 Music to Rosamunde, Drama by Helmine von Chezy (1824, Three Choruses, and Romance, Op. 26. 1828, Overture for Piano, four hands; ditto in score, with Entr'actes and Ballet Airs in score, 1866 and 1867.)
 Fierabras, Opera in Three Acts by J. Kupelwieser (1827, Overture for Piano, four hands, Op. 76; 1867, in score; 1842, Soprano Aria with Male Chorus; 1872, Chorus of Moors)

SONGS.

Die schöne Müllerin; a Cycle of Songs by Wilhelm Müller (1824, Op. 25)
 1, Das Wandern. 2, Wohin. 3, Halt. 4, Danksagung an den Bach. 5, Am Feierabend. 6, Der Neugierige. 7, Ungeduld. 8, Morgengruss. 9, Des Müllers Blumen. 10, Thränenregen. 11, Mein. 12, Panse. 13, Mit dem grünen Lautenbande. 14, Der Jäger. 15, Eifersucht und Stolz. 16, Die liebe Farbe. 17, Die böse Farbe. 18, Trockne Blumen. 19, Der Müller und der Bach. 20, Des Baches Wiegenlied
 Der zürnende Barde, Bruchmann (second setting) (N.D. 9, No. 1)
 Viola, Schober (1830, Op. 123)
 Pilgerweise, ditto (N.D. 18, No. 1)
 Vergissmeinnicht, ditto (N.D. 21, No. 2)
 Die zürnende Diana, Mayrhofer (1825, Op. 36, No. 1)
 Der Zwerg, Collin (1823, Op. 22, No. 1)
 Wehmuth, ditto (1823, Op. 22, No. 2)
 Du liebst mich nicht, Platen (1823, Op. 59, No. 1)
 Dass Sie hier gewesen, Rückert (1823, Op. 59, No. 2)
 Du bist die Ruh', ditto (1823, Op. 59, No. 3)

Lachen und Weinen, Rückert (1823, Op. 59, No. 4)
 Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Stolberg (1827, Op. 72)
 Drang in die Ferne, Leitner (1827, Op. 71)

1824

Ottet in F (1854, Op. 166)
 Quartet in A minor (1824, Op. 29)
 Ditto in E flat (1830, Op. 125, No. 1)
 Ditto in E (1830, Op. 125, No. 2)
 Sonata for Piano and Arpeggione (1871)
 Introduction and Variations for Piano and Flute (1850, Op. 160)
 Sonata for Piano, four hands, in B flat (1825, Op. 30)
 Ditto ditto in C (1838, Op. 140)
 Variations on an Original Theme in A flat (1825, Op. 35)
 Waltzes
 Divertissement à la Hongroise, for Piano, four hands (1826, Op. 54)
 Salve Regina, for Four Male Voices, in C (1843, Op. 149)
 Gebet vor der Schlacht, De la Motte Fouqué, for Solo and Chorus (1838, Op. 139)
 Der Gondelfahrer, Mayrhofer, for Male Quartet (1824, Op. 28)

SONGS.

Der Gondelfahrer, Mayrhofer (another setting) (1872)
 Abendstern, ditto (N.D. 22, No. 4)
 Auflösung, ditto (N.D. 34, No. 1)
 Im Abendroth, Lappe (N.D. 20, No. 1)
 Lied eines Kriegers (N.D. 35, No. 2)
 Wanderers Nachtlied, Goethe (1828, Op. 96, No. 3)

1825

Sonata in A minor (1826, Op. 42)
 Ditto in D (1826, Op. 53)
 Ditto in A (1830, Op. 120)
 Unfinished Sonata in C (1861)
 Marche Funèbre on the death of Alexander I. (1826, Op. 55)
 Marche Héroïque on the consecration of Nicholas I. (1826, Op. 66)
 Der Tanz, Schnitzer, quartet

SONGS.

From the Lady of the Lake (1826, Op. 52). 1, Ellen's erster Gesang. 2, Ellen's zweiter Gesang. 3, Bootgesang. 4, Coronach. 5, Norman's Gesang. 6, Ellen's dritter Gesang. 7, Lied des gefangenen Jägers

Im Walde, Schulz (1828, Op. 93, No. 1)
 Auf der Brücke, ditto (1828, Op. 93, No. 2)
 Fülle der Liebe, Schlegel (N.D. 25, No. 1)
 Das Heimweh, Pyrker (1827, Op. 79, No. 1)
 Die Allmacht, ditto (1827, Op. 79, No. 2)
 Des Sängers Habe, Schlechta (N.D. 7, No. 1)
 Der Einsame, Lappe (1826, Op. 41)
 Delphine, Schütz (1829, Op. 124, No. 1)
 Florio, ditto (1829, Op. 124, No. 2)
 Abendlied für die Entfernte, Schlegel (1827, Op. 88, No. 1)
 Der blinde Knabe, Craigher (1829, Op. 101)
 Die junge Nonne, ditto (1825, Op. 43, No. 1)
 An mein Herz, Schulze (N.D. 13, No. 1)
 Der liebliche Stern, ditto (N.D. 13, No. 2)
 Ein Fräulein, Kenner (1830, Op. 126)
 Wiedersehn, Schlegel (1872)

1826

Quartet in D minor (1831)
 Ditto in G (1852, Op. 161)
 Rondo brillant in B for Piano and Violin (1827, Op. 70)
 Fantasia sonata in G (1827, Op. 78)
 Wiener Damen Waltzes (1826, Op. 67)
 Deutsche Messe, for Mixed Voices (1870)
 Das Gebet des Herrn, for Chorus, Wind Instruments, and Organ
 (1866)
 Die Grafen von Gleichen, Opera in Three Acts by Bauernfeld
 (Sketch)
 Grab und Mond, Seidl, for Male Chorus (1828)
 Nachthelle, ditto, for Tenor Solo and Male Chorus (1838, Op. 134)
 Widerspruch, ditto, for Male Voices (1828, Op. 105, No. 1)
 Terzett for Soprano, Tenor and Bass
 Mondschein, Schober, for Three Male Voices (1836, Op. 102)

SONGS.

Fischerweise, Schlechta (1828, Op. 96, No. 4)
 Lebensmuth, Schulze (N.D. 17, No. 1)
 Morgenständchen, from Cymbeline (N.D. 7, No. 4)
 Trinklied, from Antony and Cleopatra (N.D. 48, No. 4)
 Hypolit's Lied, J. Schopenhauer (N.D. 7, No. 2)
 Der Wanderer an den Mond, Seidl (1827, Op. 80, No. 1)
 Im Freien, ditto (1827, Op. 80, No. 3)
 Das Züggelöcklein, ditto (1827, Op. 80, No. 2)

- Wiegenlied, ditto (1828, Op. 105, No. 2)
 Am Fenster, ditto (1828, Op. 105, No. 3)
 Sehnsucht, ditto (1828, Op. 105, No. 4)
 Im Frühling, Schulze (N.D. 25, No. 2)
 Um Mitternacht, ditto (1827, Op. 88, No. 3)
 Ueber Wildemann, ditto (1828, Op. 108, No. 1)
 Todtengräberweise, Schlechta (N.D. 15, No. 3)
 Romance, from Ivanhoe (1828, Op. 86)
 Sylvia, from Two Gentlemen of Verona (1828, Op. 106, No. 4)

1827

- Trio in B flat (1836, Op. 99)
 Trio in E flat (1828, Op. 100)
 March for Piano, four hands, composed for Faust, Pachler (1870)
 Variations on a Theme from Herold's Marie, for Piano, four hands
 (1827, Op. 82)
 Impromptus, Op. 142 (1838)
 Grazer Waltzes (1828, Op. 91)
 Grazer Galopp (1828)
 Allegretto in C minor (1870)
 Deutsche Messe for Male Voices (1866)
 Ständchen, for Alto, Solo and Male Chorus (also for Female
 Chorus) by Grillparzer (1838, Op. 135)
 Nachtgesang im Walde, for Four Male Voices and Horn by Seidl
 (1845, Op. 139b)
 Der Hochzeitsbraten, Comic Trio by Schober (1829, Op. 104)
 Cantata alla bella Irene, for Chorus with Accompaniment for Two
 Pianos
 Wein und Liebe, for Male Voices, by Haug (1828)
 Schlachtlied, for Eight Male Voices, by Klopstock (1843, Op. 151)

SONGS.

- Jäger's Liebeslied, Schober (1828, Op. 96, No. 2)
 Das Lied im Grünen, Reil (1829, Op. 115, No. 1)
 Schiffers Scheidelied, Schober (N.D. 24, No. 1)
 Three Italian Songs for Bass, from Metastasio. 1, L' Incanto
 degli Occhi. 2, Il Tradito deluso. 3, Il Modo di prendere
 moglie (1827, Op. 83)
 Song of Anne Lyle, from Scott's Montrose (1828, Op. 85, No. 1)
 Norna's song, from Scott's Pirate (1828, Op. 85, No. 2)
 Heimliches Lieben, Leitner (1828, Op. 106, No. 1)

- Das Weinen, ditto (1828, Op. 106, No. 2)
 Vor meiner Wiege, ditto (1828, Op. 106, No. 3)
 Altschottische Ballade, Herder (1864, Op. 165, No. 5)
 Die Winterreise, by W. Müller (1828 and 1829, Op. 89)
 1, Gute Nacht. 2, Wetterfahne. 3, Gefrorene Thränen. 4, Erstarrung. 5, Der Lindenbaum. 6, Wasserfluth. 7, Auf dem Flusse. 8, Rückblick. 9, Irrlicht. 10, Rast. 11, Frühlingstraum. 12, Einsamkeit. 13, Die Post. 14, Der greise Kopf. 15, Die Krähe. 16, Letzte Hoffnung. 17, Im Dorfe. 18, Der stürmische Morgen. 19, Täuschung. 10, Der Wegweiser. 21, Das Wirthshaus. 22, Muth. 33, Die Nebensonnen. 24, Der Leiermann
 Der Wallensteiner Lanzknecht, Leitner (N.D. 27, No. 1)
 Kreuzzug, ditto (N.D. 27, No. 2)
 Des Fischers Liebesglück, ditto (N.D. 27, No. 3)

1828

- Symphony in C, No. 9 (1840)
 String Quintet in C (1854, Op. 163)
 Grand Rondo in A for Piano, four hands (1829, Op. 107)
 Sonatas in C minor, A, and B flat (1838)
 Fugue in E minor for four hands (1843, Op. 152)
 Lebensstürme, Characteristic Allegro for four hands (1844, Op. 144)
 Nos. 1 and 2 of Three Clavierstücke (1868)
 Sonata in E flat minor (unpublished)
 Mass in E flat (1865)
 New Benedictus to the Mass in C (1829, Op. 48)
 Miriam's Song for Soprano, Solo and Chorus (1838, Op. 136)
 Hymn to the Holy Ghost, for Eight-Part Male Chorus and Wind Instruments (1847, Op. 154)
 92nd Psalm, for Baritone Solo and Chorus (1870)
 Glaube, Hoffnung, und Liebe, for Chorus and Wind Instruments

SONGS.

- Schwanengesang (1829), 1, Liebesbotschaft, Rellstab. 2, Kriegers Ahnung, ditto. 3, Frühlingssehnsucht, ditto. 4, Ständchen, ditto. 5, Aufenthalt, ditto. 6, In die Ferne, ditto. 7, Abschied, ditto. 8, Der Atlas, Heine. 9, Ihr Bild, ditto. 10, Das Fischermädchen, ditto. 11, Die Stadt. 12, Am Meer, ditto. 13, Der Doppelgänger, ditto. 14, Die Taubenpost, Seidl.
 Die Sterne, Leitner (1828, Op. 96, No. 1)

Der Winterabend, ditto (N.D. 26)
 Todtengräbers Heimweh, Craigher (N.D. 24, No. 2)
 Widerschein, Schlechta (N.D. 15, No. 1)
 Glaube, Hoffnung und Liebe, Kuffner (1828, Op. 97)
 Das Echo, Castelli (1830, Op. 130)
 Auf dem Strom, Rellstab (1829, Op. 119)
 Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, Chezy (1830, Op. 129)
 Lebensmuth, Rellstab (1872)

Compositions of which the date is uncertain.

Nocturne for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello (1844, Op. 148)
 Fantasia in C for Piano and Violin (1850, Op. 159)
 Trois Marches Héroïques for Piano, four hands (1824, Op. 27)
 Overture in F, ditto (1825, Op. 34)
 Six Marches with Trios, ditto (1826, Op. 40)
 Three Military Marches, ditto (1826, Op. 51)
 Six Polonaises, ditto (1826, Op. 61)
 Divertissement en Forme d'une Marche brillante, ditto (1826, Op. 63)
 Four Polonaises with Trios, ditto (1827, Op. 75)
 Andantino and Rondo brillant, ditto (1828, Op. 84)
 Fantasia, ditto (1829, Op. 103)
 Two characteristic Marches, ditto (1830, Op. 121)
 Notre Amitié est invariable, Rondo in D, ditto (1835, Op. 138)
 Galop and Schottische for Piano solo (1826, Op. 49)
 Valses sentimentales, ditto (1826, Op. 50)
 Hommage aux belles Viennoises, Waltzes, ditto (1826, Op. 67)
 Valses nobles, ditto (1827, Op. 77)
 Impromptus, Op. 90, ditto (Nos. 1 and 2, 1828, Op. 87; Nos. 3 and 4, 1855)
 Moments musicales, ditto (1828, Op. 94)
 Licht und Liebe, for Soprano and Tenor, by Collin (N.D. 41)
 Jünglingswonne, Matthisson
 Liebe, Schiller
 Zum Rundtanz, Salis
 Die Nacht
 Wehmuth, H. Hüttenbrenner
 Ewige Liebe, Schulze
 Flucht, Lappe
 Trinklied, Rittgraff, for Four Male Voices (1848, Op. 155)
 Nachtmusik, Seckendorf, for Four Male Voices (1848, Op. 156)
 Der Erntfernten, Salis, for Four Male Voices (1867)

Im gegenwärtigen Vergangenes, Goethe, for Four Male Voices
(N.D. 43)

Lob der Einsamkeit, for Four Male Voices, by Salis (1868)

Gott im Ungewitter, Uz } for Mixed Choir (1829, Op. 112,
Gott der Weltschöpfer, ditto } Nos. 1 and 2)

Der Wintertag, for Four Male Voices (1865, Op. 169)

Viel tausend Sterne prangen, Quartet for Mixed Voices.

Bersknappenlied, for Three Voices

Das stille Lied, Quartet for Male Voices

SONGS.

Die abgeblühte Linde, Széchényi (1821, Op. 7, No. 1)

Der Flug der Zeit, ditto (1821, Op. 7, No. 2)

Der Tod und das Mädchen, Claudius (1821, Op. 7, No. 3)

Nacht und Träumen, Schiller (1825, Op. 43, No. 2)

An die Leier, Bruchmann (1826, Op. 56, No. 2)

Im Haine, ditto (1826, Op. 56, No. 3)

Dithirambe, Schiller (1826, Op. 60, No. 2)

Die Unterscheidung, Seidl (1828, Op. 95, No. 1)

Bei Dir, ditto (1828, Op. 95, No. 2)

Die Männer sind méchant (1828, Op. 95, No. 3)

Irdisches Glück, ditto (1828, Op. 95, No. 4)

An den Tod, Schubart (N.D. 17, No. 3)

Der Schmetterling, Schlegel (1826, Op. 57, No. 1)

Die Berge, ditto (1826, Op. 57, No. 2)

Fragment from Schiller's Die Götter Griechenlands (N.D. 42, No. 1)

Das Lied vom Reifen, Claudius

Täglich zu singen, ditto

Marie, Novalis

Die Erde

Vollendung

An Cidli, Klopstock

Mein Finden

Leise, leise lasst uns singen

Der Morgenstern

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